

THE  
NEVVINNE.

OR,

*The light Heart.*

A COMOEDY.

As it was neuer acted, but most  
negligently play'd, by some,  
the Kings Seruants.

And more squeamishly beheld, and censu-  
red by others, the Kings Subiects.

1629.

Now, at last, set at liberty to the Readers, his Maies-  
Seruants, and Subiects, to be iudg'd.

1631.

By the Author, *B. Jonson.*

Hor. . . . . me lebori credere mallem :  
*Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi.*

---

L O N D O N ,

¶ Printed by Thomas Harper, for Thomas Alchorne, and  
are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church-yarde,  
at the signe of the greene Dragon.

M D C X X X I .

THE  
NEW ENGLAND  
COMEDY

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THE  
DEDICATION,  
TO  
THE READER.

**I**F thou bee such, I  
make thee my Pa-  
tron, and dedicate  
the Piece to thee:  
If not so much,  
would I had beene at the charge of  
thy better litterature. How-so-euer,  
if thou canst but spell, and ioyne my  
sense; there is more hope of thee,  
then of a hundred fastidious *imper-*

(\*) 2 *tinent*s,

БНТ  
ИМЕНІ  
О

Від гільдиї Тевтон

АКОМОДІ

А як єт мав зеңгір ағада, пішінен  
легізеній бірая таң

ASHLEY  
B M  
LIBRARY



LIBRARY

1431

Был Анонс, 8. 1631.

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tinents, who were there present the  
first day , yet neuer made piece of  
their prospect the right way. What  
did they come for, then ? thou wilt  
aske me. I will as punctually an-  
swer : To see, and to bee seene. To  
make a generall muster of them-  
selues in their clothes of credit: and  
possesse the Stage, against the Play.  
To dislike all , but marke nothing.  
And by their confidence of rising  
between the Actes, in oblique lines,  
make *affidauit* to the whole house,  
of their not vnderstanding one  
Scene. Arm'd, with this præjudice,  
as the *Stage-furniture*, or *Arras-*  
clothes, they were there, as Specta-  
tors,

tors, away. For the faces in the  
hangings, and they beheld alike.  
So I wish, they may doe euer. And  
doe trust my selfe, and my Booke,  
rather to thy rusticke candor, than  
all the pompe of their pride, and so-  
lemne ignorance, to boote. Fare  
thee well, and fall too. Read

BEN. JONSON.

But, first

*The Argument.*



## THE ARGUMENT.

**H**e Lord *FRAMPVL*, a noble Gentleman, well educated, and bred a Schollar, in *Oxford*, was married yong, to a vertuous Gentlewoman, *Sylly's* daughter of the South, whose worth (though he truly enjoy'd) hee neuer could rightly value; but, as many greene Husbands (giuen ouer to their extraugant delights, and some peccant humors of their owne) occasion'd in his ouer louing wife, so deepe a melancholy, by his leauing her in the time of her lying in, of her second daughter, shee hauing brought

### *The Argument.*

brought him only two daughters, *Frances*, and *Letitia*: and (out of her hurt fancy) interpreting that to bee a cause of her husbands couldnesse in affection, her not being blest with a sonne, tooke a resolution with her selfe, after her months time, and thanksgiuing ritely in the Church, to quit her home, with a vow neuer to returne, till by reducing her *Lord*, she could bring a wish'd happiness to the family.

He, in the meane time returning, and hearing of this departure of his *Lady*, began, though ouer-late, to resent the iniury he had done her: and out of his cock-braind resolution, entred into as solemne a quest of her. Since when, neither of them had beene heard of. But the eldest daughter *Frances*, by the title of *Lady Frampul*, enjoyed the state, her sister being lost yong, and is the sole relict of the family,

## The Argument.

A& I.

Here begins our Comedy.

This *Lady*, being a braue, bountifull *Lady*, and enjoying this free, and plentifull estate, hath an ambitious disposition to be esteemed the Mistresse of many seruants, but loues none. And hearing of a famous new-Inne, that is kept by a merry *Host*, call'd *Good-stock*, in *Barnet*, invites some *Lords*, and *Gentlemen* to wait on her thither, as well to see the fashions of the place, as to make themselves merry, with the accidents on the by. It happens, there is a melancholique *Gentleman*, one *Master Lovel*, hath beeene lodg'd there some dayes before in the *Inne*, who (vnwilling to be seene) is surpriz'd by the *Lady*, and invited by *Pru-dence*, the *Ladies Chamber-maid*, who is elected.

## The Argument.

elected Gouverneffe of the Sports, in the Inne, for that day, and instal'd their Soueraigne. Lovel is perswaded by the Host, and yeelds to the Ladies inuitation, which concludes the first Act. Hauing reueal'd his quality before, to the Host.

### In the second Act.

Prudence, and her Lady expresse their anger conceiu'd, at the Taylor, who had promised to make Prudence a new suite, and bring it home, as on the Eue, against this day. But, hee failing of his word, the Lady had commanded a standard of her owne best apparrell to bee brought downe: and Prudence is so fittid. The Lady being put in mind, that shee is there alone without other company of women, borrowes (by the aduice of Pru) the Hosts sonne of the house, whom they dresle

## The Argument.

dresse with the Host's consent, like a *Lady*,  
and send out the Coachman, with the  
empty Coach; as for a kinswoman of her  
Ladiships, Mistresse *Letitia Sylly*, to beare  
her company: Who attended with his  
*Nurse*, an old chare-woman in the *Inne*,  
drest odly by the Host's councell, is bele-  
ued to be a *Lady* of quality, and so receiu'd,  
entertain'd, and loue made to her, by the  
yong Lord *Beaufort*, &c: In the meane  
time, the *Fly* of the *Inne* is discouer'd to  
*Colonell Glorious*, with the *Militia* of the  
house, below the stayres, in the *Drawer*,  
*Tapster*, *Chamberlaine*, and *Hostler*, in-  
feriour officers, with the Coachman *Trun-  
dle*, *Ferret*, &c. And, the preparation is  
made, to the *Ladies* designe vpon *Lovel*,  
his vpon her, and the *Soueraignes* vpon  
both.

Here

## The Argument.

Here begins, at the third Act, the Epitasis, or busynesse of the Play.

Lovel, by the dexterity, and wit  
of the Soueraigne of the Sports, Prudence ;  
hauing two houres assigned him, of free  
colloquy, and loue-making to his Mistresse,  
one, after Dinner, the other after Supper ;  
The Court being set, is demanded by the  
Lady Frampul, what Loue is ? as doubting  
if there were any such power, or no. To  
whom, hee first by definition, and after  
by argument answeres, prouing, and de-  
scribing the effects of Loue, so viuely, as  
shee, who had derided the name of Loue  
before, hearing his discourse, is now so  
taken both with the Man, and his matter,  
as shee confesseth her selfe enamour'd of  
him ; and, but for the ambition shee hath  
to enjoy the other houre, had presently  
declar'd

## The Argument.

declar'd her selfe : which giues both him, and the spectator's occasion to thinke she yet dissembles, notwithstanding the pay-  
ment of her kisse, which hee celebrates.  
And the Court dissolues, vpon a newes  
brought, of a new *Lady*, a newer Coach,  
and a new Coachman call'd *Barnaby*.

## Act 4.

The house being put into a  
noyse, with the rumor of this new *Lady*,  
and there being drinking below in the  
court, the *Colonel*, Sir *Glorious*, with *Bart:*  
*Burst*, a broken Citizen, and *Hodge Huffle*  
his champion; she falleth into their hands,  
and being attended but with one foot-  
man, is vnciuilly entreated by them, and  
a quarrell commenc'd, but is rescued by  
the valour of *Lovel*; which beheld by the  
*Lady Frampul*, from the window, sheweth  
inuited

### The Argument:

invited vp, for safety, where comming,  
and conducted by the *Host*, her gowne is  
first discouer'd to bee the same with the  
whole suite, which was bespoken for  
*Pru*: and she her selfe, vpon examination,  
found to be *Pinnacia Stiffe*, the *Tay-*  
*lors wife*, who was wont to be preoccupi-  
ed in all his Customers best clothes, by  
the footman her husband. They are both  
condemn'd, and censurd, shew stript like a  
*Doxey*, and sent home a foote. In the  
*interim*, the second hour goes on, and  
the question, at suit of the *Lady Frampul*,  
is chang'd from *loue to valour*; which en-  
ded, he receives his second kisse, and by  
the rigor of the *Soueraigne*, falls into a fit  
of melancholy, woe, or more despe-  
rate then the first.

The fifth, and last *Act* is the *Cata-*  
*strophe*, or knitting vp of all, where *Fly*  
brings

## The Argument.

brings word to the *Host*, of the *Lord Beau-*  
*forts* being married priuately in the new  
stable, to the supposd *Lady*, his sonne  
which the *Host* receiuers as an *omen* of  
mirth. But complaines, that *Lovel* is gon  
to bed melancholique, when *Prudence* ap-  
peares drest in the new suit applauded by  
her *Lady*, and employd to retiue *Lovel*.  
The *Host* encounters them, with this rela-  
tion of *L. Beaufort's* mariage, which is se-  
conded by the *L. Latimer*, and all the ser-  
uants of the house. In this while, *L. Beau-*  
*fort* comes in, and professles it, calls for his  
bed, and bride-bowle, to be made ready,  
the *Host* forbids both, shewes whom hee  
hath married, and discouers him to be his  
*sonne*, a boy. The *Lord Bridegrome* con-  
founded, the *Nurse* enters like a frantick  
bed-lem, cries out on *Flie*, sayes shee is vn-  
done, in her daughter, who is confessed to

## *The Argument.*

be the Lord Frampuls child, sister to the other Lady, the Host to be their Father. She his wife. He finding his children, bestows them onç on Louel, the other on the Lord Beaufort, the Inne vpon Flie, who had beene a Gipsey with him, offers a portion with Prudence, for her wit, which is refused; and she taken, by the Lord Latimer, to wife; for the crowne of her vertue, and goodnesse. And all are contented.

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**The**

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## The Scene BARNET.

## The PERSONS of the PLAY.

With some short Characterisme of the chiefe Actors.

**G**ood-stocke, the Host (playd well) alias,  
the Lord Frampul. He pretends to be a Gentleman, and a Scholer, neglected by the  
times, turnes Host, and keepes an Inne, the Signe of  
the light Hears, in Barnet: is supposed to have  
only Sonne, but is found to haue none, but two  
Daughters, Francis, and Lætitia, who was lost  
yong. &c.

Louel. A compleat Gentleman, a Souldier, and  
a Scholer, is a melancholy Guest in the Inne. first  
quarrelld, after, much honor'd, and belou'd by the  
Host. He is knowne to haue beeene Page, to the old  
Lo. Beaufort, follow'd him in the French warres, af-  
ter a companion of his studies, and left Guardian to  
his sonne. Hee is assisted in his loue to the Lady  
Frampul, by the Host, and the Chambermayd, Pru-  
dence. He was one, that acted well too.

Ferret

Ferret. Who is also called Stote, and Vermin, is Lovel's servant, a fellow of a quick, nimble wit, knowes the manners and affections of people, and can make profitable, and timely discoueries of them.

Franke. Suppos'd a boy, and the Hosts sonne, borrowed to be drest for a Lady, and set up as a stale by Prudence, to catch Beaufort, or Latimer, prooues to be Lætitia, sister to Frances, and Lord Frampul's yonger daughter, stolne by a begger-woman, shorne, put into boyes apparrell, sold to the Host, and brought vp by him as his sonne.

Nurse. A poore chare-woman in the Inne, with one eye, that tends the boy, is thought the Irish begger that sold him, but is truly the Lady Frampul, who left her home melancholique, and iealous that her Lord lou'd her not, because she brought him none but daughters, and liues, unknowne to her husband, as he to her.

Frances. Supposed the Lady Frampul, being reputed his sole daughter, and heire, the Barony descending upon her, is a Lady of great fortunes, and beauty, but fantasticall: thinks nothing a felicity, but to haue a multitude of servants, and be call'd Mistresse by them, comes to the Inne to be

be merry, with a Chambermaid only, and her Seruant her ghests, &c.

Prudence. The Chamber-maid, is selected Soueraigne of the Sports in the Inne, gouernes all, commands, and so orders, as the Lord Latimer is exceedingly taken with her, and takes her to his wife, in conclusion.

### Lord Latimer

and Lord Beaufort, are a paire of yong Lords, seruants and ghests to the Lady Frampul, but as Latimer fall's enamour'd of Prudence, so doth Beaufort on the boy, the Hosts sonne, set up for Lætitia, the yonger sister, which shewes prooues to be indeed.

Sir Glorious Tipto. A Knight, and Colonell, bath the luck to thinke well of himselfe, without i riuall, talkes gloriously of any thing, but very selome is in the right. He is the Ladies ghest, and her seruant too ; but this day utterly neglects his seruice, or that him. For he is so enamour'd on the Fly of the Inne, and the Militia below stayres, with Hodge Huffe, and Bat; Burst, ghests that come in, and Trundle, Barnabe, &c. as no other society relisheth with him.

Fly

Fly. Is'the Parasite of the Inne, visiter generall  
of the house, one that had beeue a strolling Gipsee,  
but now is reclam'd, to be Inflamer of the reckonings.

Peirce. The Drawer, knighted by the Colonel,  
stil'd Sir Pierce, and yong Anone, one of the chiefe  
of the infantry.

Iordan. The Chamberlaine, Another of the Mi-  
litia, & an officer, commands the Tertia of the Beds.

Iug. The Tapster, a Through-fare of Newes.

Peck. The Hostler.

Bat:Burft. A broken Citizen, an in and in man.

Hodge Huffle. A cheater, his champion.

Nick Stiffe. The Ladies Taylor.

Pinnacia Stiffe. His wife.

Trundlc. A Coachman.

Barnabc. A hired Coachman.

Staggers. The Smith.

Tree. The Sadler.

{ Only talk'd on.

## The Prologue.

You are welcome, welcome all, to the new Inne;  
Though the old house, we hope our cheare will win  
Your acceptation: we ha' the same Cooke,  
Still, and the fat, who sayes, you sha' not looke  
Long, for your bill offare, but every dish  
Be seruid in, i' the time, and to your wish:  
If any thing be set to a wrong taste,  
Tis not the meat, there, but the mouth's displac'd,  
Remove but that sick palat, all is well.  
For this, i' the secure dresser badd me tell,  
Nothing more hurts iust meetings, then a crowd;  
Or, when the expectation's growne too lond:  
That the nice stomack, would ha' this or that,  
And being ask'd, or urg'd, it knowes not what:  
When sharpe, or sweet, haue boone too much afeast,  
And boile out lin'd the palate of the ghest.  
Beware to bring such appetites to the stage,  
They doe confesse a weake, sick, queasie age,  
And a shrew'd grudging too of ignorance,  
When clothes and faces 'bene the men advance  
Heare for your health, then, But at any hand,  
Before you judge, vouchsafe to understand.  
Concoct, digest: if then, it doe not hit,  
Some are in a consumption of wit,  
Deepe, be daresay, he will not abinke, that all  
For Hecticks are not epidemically.



# THE NEWV INNE.

Act I. Scene I.

*Host. Ferret.*

I Am not pleas'd, indeed, you are i'the right;  
Nor is my house pleas'd, if my signe could speake,  
The signe o' the light Heart. Therc, you may read it;  
So may your master too, if he looke on't.  
A heart weigh'd with a fether, and out weigh'd too:  
A brayne-child o'mine owne! and I am proud on't!  
And if his worship thinke, here, to be melancholy,  
In spight of me or my wit, he is deceiv'd;  
I will maintayne the *Rebus* 'gainst all humors,  
And all complexions i'the body of Man,  
That's my word, or i'the Isle of Britaine! (rime too.)  
You haue reason good mine host. *Hof.* Sir I haue

B

Whether

## The new Inne.

Whether it be by chance or art,  
*A beany purse makes a light Heart.*  
There 'tis exprest ! first, by a purse of gold,  
*A beany purse,* and then two Turtles makes,  
A heart with a light stuck in't, a light heart !  
Old Abbot *Iſſp* could not invent better,  
Or Prior *Bolton* with his *bolt* and *Ton*.  
I am an Innekeeper, and know my grounds,  
And study 'hem ; Brayne o'man, I study 'hem :  
I must ha' iouiall guests to drue my ploughs,  
And whistling boyes to bring my haruest home,  
Or I shall heare no Flayles thwack. Here, your mite  
And you ha'beene this fornight, drawing fleas  
Out of my mattes, and pounding 'hem in cages  
Cut out of cards, & those rop'd round with pack-thred  
Drawne thorow birdlime ! a fine subtily !  
Or poring through a multiplying glasse,  
Upon a captiu'd crab-louse, or a cheese-mite  
To be dissected, as the sports of nature,  
With a neat Spanish needle ! Speculations  
That doe become the age, I doe confess !  
As measuring an Ants egges, with the Silke-wormes,  
By a phantallique instrument of thred,  
Shall giue you their iust difference, to a haire !  
Or else recovering o'dead flies, with crums !  
(Another quicnt conclusion i' the pbyficks)  
Which I ha' seen you busie at, through the key-hole —  
But never had the fate to see a flye — Ent. Low  
Aliue i'your cups, or once heard, drinke mine host,  
Or such a chearfull chirping charme come from you.

*The New Inne.*

Act I. Scene 2.

*Lovet. Ferret. Host.*

What's that? what's that? *Fer.* A buzzing of mine  
About a flye! a smurture that he has. (host

*Host.* Sir I am telling your Sto're here, Monsieur *Ferret*,  
For that I heare's his name) and dare tell you, Sir,  
If you haue a minde to be melancholy, and musty,  
There's Footmans Inne, at the townes end, the Stockes,  
Or Cartiers Place, at signe o'the brokē Waine,  
Mansions of State! Take vp your harbour there;  
There are both flyes and fleas, and all variety  
Of vermine, for inspection, or dissection.

*Lov.* We ha' set our rest vp here, Sir, by your Heart.

*Host.* Sir set your heart at rest, you shall not doe it:  
Unlesse you can be iouiall. Brayne o'man,  
Be iouiall first, and drinke, and dance, and drinke.  
Your lodgēing here, and wi' your daily dumps,  
Is a mere libell 'gayn' my house and me; (host  
And, then, your scandalous commons. *Lov.* How mine

*Host.* Sir, they doe scandall me, vpo' the road, here  
A poore quotidian sack o'mutton, roasted,  
Drie, to be grated! and that driven downe  
With beare, and butter-milke, mingled together,  
Or clarified whey, instead of Claret! (host  
It is against my free-hold, my inheritance,

B 2

My

## The New Inne.

My *Magna charta, Cor letificat,*  
To drinke such balder dash, or bonny-clabbee!  
Gi'me good wine, or catholique, or christian,  
Wine is the wrod, that glads the heart of man:  
And mine's the house of wine, *Sack*, say's my bush,  
*Be merry, and drinke Sherry*; that's my poēsic!  
*For I shall never ioy i'my light heart,*  
*So long as I conceiue a sullen ghest,*  
*Or any thing that's earthy!* Lov. Humerous Host.

Host. I care not if I be. Lov. But airy also,  
Not to defraud you of your rights, or trench  
Vpō your priviledges, or great charter.  
(For those are every hostlers language now)  
Say, you were borne beneath those smiling staires,  
Haue made you Lord, and owner of the Heart,  
Of the Light Heart in *Barnet*; suffer vs  
Who are more *Saturnine*, t'enjoy the shade  
Of your round roose yet. Host. Sir I keepe no shadues  
Nor sheltres, I: for either Owles or Rere-mise.

## Act I. Scene 3.

Ferret. Host. Lovel.

He'll make you a bird of night, Sir. Host. Bleste you  
You'l make your selues such.

Lov. That your son mine host? { En. Fra. (the Host speak-

{ to his child o'the by  
Host. He's all the sonnes I haue Sir. Lov. Pretty boy  
Goes he to schoole? Fer. O Lord, Sir, he prates Latin

RM

s. 2

## The New Inne.

nd 'twere a passat, or a play-boy. Lov. Thou—  
ommend'st him fitly. Fer. To the pitch, he flies, Sir,  
ee'l tell you what is Latine for a looking-glass,  
beard-brush, rubber, or quick-warming pan.

v. What's that? Fer. a wench, i'the Inn-phrase, is al these;

{ A looking-glass in her eye,  
{ A beard-brush with her lips,  
{ A rubber with her hand,  
And a warming pan with her hips.

Host. This, in your scurrile dialect. But my Inne  
nowes no such language. F. That's because, mine host,  
you doe professe the teaching him your selfe.

Host. Sir, I doe teach him somewhat. By degrees,  
and with a fuanell, I make shift to fill  
the narrow vessell, he is but yet, a bottell. (int.

Lov. O let him lose no time, though. Host. Sir, he do's

Lov. And lese his manners. Host. I prouide for those,  
come hither Franke, speake to the gentleman (too.

Latine: He is melancholy; say,  
ong to see him merry, and so would treat him.

Fra. Subtristis visu' es esse aliquaz tulum pari,  
u' telant' excipere, etiam ac tractare gestit. Lov. Pulchra.

Host. Tell him, I feare it bodes vs some ill luck,  
is too reseruednelle. Fra. Veretur pater,

quid nobis mali ominus apportet iste  
imis preclius uultus. Lov. Belle. A fine child!

You wou'not part with him, mine host? H. Who told you  
would not? Lov. I but aske you. Host. And I answ're.

To whom? for what? Lov. To me, to be my Page.

Host. I know no mischiefe yet the child hath done,

## The New Inne.

To deserue such a destiny. *Lov.* Why? *Ho.* Go down boy,  
And get your break fast. Trust me, I had rather  
Take a faire halter, wash my hands, and haung him  
My selfe, make a cleane riddance of him, then. *Lo.* Why

*Ho.* Then dam him to that desperate course of life.

*Lov.* Call you that desperate, which by a line  
Of institution, from our Ancestors,  
Hath beene deriu'd downe to vs, and receiu'd  
In a succession, for the noblest way  
Of breeding vp our youth, in letters, armes,  
Faire meine, discourses, ciuill exercise,  
And all the blazon of a Gentleman?  
Where can he learne to vault, to ride, to fence,  
To moue his body gracefuller? to speake  
His language purer? or to tune his minde,  
Or manners, more to the harmony of Nature?  
Then, in these nourceries of nobility?

*Ho.* I that was, when the nourceries selfe, was noble  
And only vertue made it, not the mercate,  
That titles were not vented at the drum,  
Or common out-cry; goodnesse gave the greatnesse,  
And greatnesse worship: Euery house became  
An Academy of honour, and those parts  
We see departed, in the practise, now,  
Quite from the institution. *Lov.* Why doe you say so?  
Or thinke so enviously? doe they not still  
Learne there, the Centaures skill, the art of Thrace,  
To ride? or Pollux my stery, to fence?  
The Pyrrhick gestures, both to dance, and spring  
In armour, to be active for the Warres?

## The New Inne.

To study figures, numbers, and proportions,  
May yeeld hem great in counsels, and the arts  
Graue Nestor, and the wise Vlysses practis'd ?  
To make their English sweet vpon their tonges  
Astur' rend Chaucer sayes ? Host. Sir you mistake,  
To play Sir Pandarus my copy hath it,  
And carry messages to Madam Cresside.  
Instead of backing the braue Steed, o'morning,  
To mount the Chambermaid ; and for a lespe  
O'the vaulting horse, to ply the vaulting house:  
For exercise of armes, a bale of dice,  
Or two or thre packes of cards, to shew the cheast,  
And nimblenesse of hand : mistake a cloake  
From my Lords back, and pawne it. Ease his pockets  
Of a superfluous Watch ; or geld a iewell  
Of an odde stone, or so. Twinge three or four buttons  
From off my Ladys gowne. These are the arts,  
Or seuen liberall deadly sciences  
Of Pagery, or rather Paganisme,  
As the tides run. To which, if he apply him,  
He may, perhaps, take a degree at Tiburne,  
A yeare the earlier : come to sead a lecture  
Vpon Aquinas at S. Thomas a Waterings,  
And so goe forth a Laureat in hempe circle ! (soning.  
Lor. Yo're tart, mine host, and talke aboue your sea-  
Or what you seeme : it should not come, me thinkes,  
Vnder your cap, this veine of salt, and sharpnecle !  
These strikings vpon learning, now and then ?  
How long haue you, (if your dul ghest may aske it,)  
Droue this quick trade, of keeping the light-heart,

## The New Inne.

Your Mansion, Palace here, or Hostelry,  
Host. Troth, I was borne to somewhat, Sir, above it  
Lor. I easily suspect that: Mine host, your name,  
Hes. They call me Good-stock. Lor. Sir, and you con-  
Both i' your language, treaty, and your bearing. (suffit,  
Hes. Yet all, Sir, are not lasses o' the white Hen;  
Nor can we, as the Songster say's, come all  
To be wrapt soft and warme in fortunes smock:  
When she is pleas'd to trick, or trompe mankinde:  
Some may be Cotes, as in the cards; but, then  
Some must be knaves, some varlets, baudes, and oslers,  
As aces, duizes, cards o'ten, to face it  
Out, i' the game, which all the world is. Lor. But, bna  
It being i' your freewill (as 'twas) to choosel  
What parts you would sustaine, me thinkes, a man  
Of your sagacity, and cleare nostrill, should  
Haue made, another chioce, then of a place  
So sordid, as the keeping of an Inne:  
Where euery Louial Tinker, for his chinke,  
May cry, mine host, to crambe, give us drinke,  
And doe not slinke but skinke, or else you stinker.  
Rogue, Bane, and Cheater, cal by the surnames,  
And knowne Synonyma of your profession.

Hes. But if I be no such; who then's the Rogue,  
In vnderstanding, Sir, I meane? who erres?  
Whotinkleth then? or personates Thom. Tinker?  
Your weazill here may tell you / talke baudy,  
And teach my boy it; and you may beleue him:  
But Sir at your owne peril, if I doe not:  
And at his too, if he doe lie, and affirme it.

## The New Inne.

No slander strikes, less hurts, the innocent;  
If I be honest, and that all the cheat  
Be, of my selfe, in keeping this Light Heart,  
VVhere, I imagine all the world's a Play;  
The state, and mens affaires, all passages  
Of life, to spring new scenes come in, goe out,  
And shift, and vanish; and if I haue got  
A seat, to sit at ease here, i'mine Inne,  
To see the Comedy; and laugh, and chuck  
At the variety, and throng of humors,  
And dispositions, that come iussling in,  
And out still, as they one droue hence another:  
VVhy, will you enuy me my happiness?  
Because you are sad, and lumpish; carry a Lcade-stone  
I'your pocket, to hang kniues on; or set rings,  
T'entice light strawes to leape at 'hem: are not taken  
VVith the plairies of an host? 'Tis more,  
And iustlier, Sir, my wonder, why you tooke  
My house vp, Fiddlers Hall, the Scarfe of noyse  
And mirth, an Inne here, to be drouise in,  
And lode your lethargie in the Light Heart,  
As if some cloud from Court had beeene your Harkinger,  
Or Cheape-side dobe-Bookes, or some Mitreis charge,  
Seeing your loue grow corpulent, gi' i'ta dyer,  
By absence some, such mouldy passion!

*Lo.* 'Tis gues'd vnhappily. *Fe.* Mine host, yo are cal'd.  
*H.* I come, boyes. *L.* Ferres haue not you bin ploughing  
VVith this mad Ox, mine host? nor be with you?

*Fer.* For what Sir? *Lo.* VVhy, to finde my riddle ouer.

*Fer.* I hope, you doe beleue, Sir, I can finde

Other

*The New Inne.*

Other discourse to be at, then my Master  
With Hostes, and Host'lers. *Len.* If you can, 'tis well.  
Goe downe, and see, who they are come in, what gheſt  
And bring me word.

**Act. I. Scene 4.**

*LoveL*

O loue, what passion art thou !  
So tyrannous ! and trecheroas ! first ferre-flauo,  
And then betray, all that in truth do serue thee !  
That ne'er the wileſt, nor the wariest creature,  
Can more diſsemble thee, then he can beare  
Hot burning coales, in his bare palme, or bosome !  
And leſſe, conceale, or hide thee, then a flauo  
Of enflam'd powder, whose whole light doth lay it  
Open, to all discouery, euē of thōſe,  
Who haue but halfe an eye, and leſſe of noſe !  
An Host, to find me ! who is, commonly,  
The log, a little o' this ſide the ſigne-post !  
Or, at the beſt, ſome round growne thing ! a Jug,  
Eac'd, with a beard, that fills out to the gheſts,  
And takes in, fro' the fragments o' their ieffes ?  
But, I may wrong this, out of ſullennes,  
Or my miſ-taking humor ! Pray thee, phantſie,

Bc

## The New Inne.

Be lay'd, againe. And, gentle-Melancholy, a churlish  
Do not oppresse me. I will be as silent, as a fool; so  
As the tame louer should be, and as foolish.

### Act i. Scene. 5.

Host. Ferret. Louel.

My Ghest, my Ghest, be Louell. I beseech thee,  
I haue fresh golden ghests, ghests o'the game:  
Three coach-full! Lords! and Ladies! new comein:  
And I will cry them to thee, 'and thee, to them,  
So I can spring a smile, but i'this brow,  
That like the rugged Roman Alderman,  
Old master Grossc, surnam'd Aydas.

Ent. Ferret.

Was never scene to laugh, but at an Aise.

Fer. Sir here's the Lady Frampt. Lou. How! Fer. And  
Lord Beaufort, & Lord Latimer, the Coronel (her train.  
Tipto, with Mistris Cis, the Chamber-mayd:  
Trundl, the Coachman—Lou. Stop, discharge the  
And get my horses ready, bid the Groome (house:  
Bring hem to the back-gate. Hos. What meane you Sir?

Lou. To take faire leue, mine Host. Hos. I hope, my  
Though I haue talked somewhat aboue my share, (Gheli,  
At large, and bene i'the altitudes, th'extrauagants,  
Neither my selfe, nor any of mine haue gi'n you  
The cause, to quit my house, thus, on the sodaine.

Lou. No, I affirme it, on my faith. Excuse me,

From

# The New Inn.

Other discourse to be at, then my Master  
With Hostes, and Host'lers. *Low.* If you can, 'tis well.  
Goe downe, and see, who they are come in, whar gheff,  
And bring me word.

## Act. I. Scene 4.

*Level.*

O loue, what passion art thou !  
So tyrannous ! and trecherous ! first ren-slaue,  
And then betray, all that in truth do serue thee !  
That not the wisest, nor the wariest creature,  
Can more dissemble thee, then he can beare  
Hot burning coales, in his bare palme, or bosome ?  
And lesse, conceale, or hide thee, then a flash  
Of enflam'd powder, whose whole light doth lay it  
Open, to all discovery, cuen of those,  
Who haue but halfe an eyc, and lesse of nose !  
An Host, to find me ! who is, commonly,  
The log, a little o' this side the signe-post ?  
Or, at the best, some round growne thing ! a Jug,  
Fac'd, with a beard, that fills out to the gheffs,  
And takes in, fro' the fragments o'their ieffes ?  
But, I may wrong this, out of sullennes,  
Or my mis-taking humor ! Pray thee, phantacie,

Be

## The New Inne.

Be lay'd, againe. And, gentle-Melancholy, I will thinke  
Do not oppresse me. I will be as silent,  
As the tame louer should be, and as foolish.

## Act I. Scene. 5.

*Host. Ferret. Louel.*

My Ghest, my Ghest, be Iouall, I beseech thee.  
I haue fresh golden ghests, ghests o'the game:  
Three coach-full! Lords! and Ladies! new comein:  
And I will cry them to thee, 'and thee, to them,  
So I can spring a smile, but i'this brow,  
That like the rugged Roman Alderman,  
Old master Grossc, surnam'd Ayrlas<sup>G</sup>.

*Ent. Ferret.*

Was never scene to laugh, but at an Asse.

*Fer.* Sir here's the Lady Frampul. *Lou.* How! *Fer.* And  
Lord Beaufort, & Lord Latimer, the Coronel her train,  
*Tipto*, with Mistris Cū, the Chamber-mayd:  
*Trundl*, the Coachman—*Lou.* Stop, discharge the  
And get my horses ready, bid the Groome (house:  
Bring hem to the back-gate. *Hos.* What meane you Sir?

*Lou.* To take faire leaue, mine Host. *Hos.* I hope, my  
Though I haue talked somewhat aboue my share, (Ghest,  
At large, and bene i'the altitudes, th'extrauagancs,  
Neither my selfe, nor any of mine haue gi'n you  
The cause, to quit my houle, thus, on the sodaine.

*Lou.* No, I affirme it, on my faith. Excuse me,

*From*

## The New Inne.

From such a rudenes; I was now beginning  
To cast, and loue you: and am heartily sory,  
Any occasion should be so compelling,  
To vrge my abrupt departure, thus. But—  
Necessity's a Tyran, and commands it.

Hof. She shall command me first to fire my bush;  
Then breake vp house: Or, if that will not serue,  
To breake with all the world. Turne country bankrupt.  
I' mine owne towne, vpo'the Mercat-day,  
And be protestted, for my butter, and egges,  
To the last bodge of oates, and bottle of hay;  
Ere you shall leaue me, I will breake my heart:  
Coach, and Coach-horses, Lords, and Ladies pack;  
All my fresh ghests shall stinke! I'le pul my signe, down  
Conuert mine Inne, to an Almes-house! or a Spirtle,  
For lazers, or switch-sellers! Turne it, to  
An Academy o'rogues! or gi't away  
For a free-schoole, to breed vp beggers in,  
And send 'hem to the canting Vniuersities  
Before you leaue me. Lov. Troth, and I confesse,  
I am loath, mine host, to leaue you: your expressions  
Both take, and hold me. But, in case I stay,  
I must enioyne you and your whole family  
To priuacy, and to conceale me. For,  
The secret is, I would not willingly,  
See, or beseeue, to any of this ging,  
Especially, the Lad. Hof. Braine o'man,  
What monster is she? or Cocatrice in velvet,  
That kils thus? Lov. O good words, mine host. She is  
A noble Lady! great in blood! and fortune!

Faire!

## The New Inne.

Faire! and a wit! but of so bent a phant'sie,  
As she thinks nought a happynesse, but to haue  
A multitude of seruants! and, to get them,  
(Though she be very honest) yet she venters  
Vpon these precipices, that would make her  
Not seeme so, to some prying, narrow natures.  
We call her, Sir, the Lady *Frances Frampl.*,  
Daughter and heire to the Lord *Frampl-Hos.* Who?  
He that did loue in Oxford, first, a student,  
And, after, married with the daughter of — *Lo. Silly.* *Hos.* Right, of whom the tale went, to turne Puppet-mes.  
*Lo.* And trauell with *Tong Goose*, the Motion-man:

*Hos.* And lie, and liue with the *Gipseyes* halfe a yare  
Together, from his wife. *Lo.* The very same;  
The mad Lord *Frampl!* And this same is his daughter!  
But as cock-brain'd as ere the father was!  
There were two of 'hem, *Frances* and *Leticie*;  
But *Leticie* was lost yong; and, as the rumor  
Flew then, the mother vpon it lost her selfe.  
A fond weake woman, went away in a melancholy,  
Because she brought him none but girles, she thought  
Her husband lou'd her not. And he, as foolish,  
Too late resenting the cause giu'n, went after,  
In quest of her, and was not heard of since.

*Hos.* A strange diuision of a familie!

*Lo.* And scattered, as i' the great confusion!

*Hos.* But yet the Lady, th'heire, enjoyes the land,

*Lo.* And takes all lordly wayes how to consume it  
As nobly as she can; if cloathes, and scasting,  
And the authoriz'd meanes of riot will doe it. *Ens. Fer.*

*Hos.*

# The New Inne.

*Host.* She shewes her extract, and I honor her for it.

## Act. i. Scene. 6

*Ferret. Lovel. Host. Cicelie.*

Your horses Sir are ready ; and the house  
Dis-Lov. Pleas'd, thou thinkst ? Fer. I cannot tel, dis.  
I am sure it is. Lov. Charge it again, good Ferret. (charged)  
And make vnready the horses : Thou knowst how,  
Chalke, and renew the rondels. I am, now  
Resolurd to stay. Fer. I easily thought so, (To throw  
When you should heare what's purpol'd. L. What? Fer.  
The houle out o'the windo ? Host. Braine o'man,  
I shall ha'the worst o'that ! will they not throw  
My houshold ruffe out, first ? Cushions, and Carpett,  
Chaires, stooles, & bedding, is not their sport my ruine?  
Lov. Feare not, mine host, I am not o'the fellowship.  
Fer. I cannot see, Sir, how you will auoid it ;  
They know already, all, you are i'the house. (quir'd it.)  
Lov. Who know? F. The Lords: they haue seen me, & en-  
Lov. Why were you seen? Fer. Because indeed I had  
No medcine, Sir, to goe inuisible :  
No Ferne-seed in my pocket ; Nor an Opal  
Wrapt in a Bay-leafe, i'my left fist,  
To charme their eyes with. H. He dos giue you reasons  
As round as *Giges* ring : which, say the Ancients,  
Was a hoop ring; and that is, round as a hoop!

Lov.

## The New Inne.

Lov. You will haue your Robyn still, mine host. Host. I must:  
Fer. My Lady too, lookt out o'the windo, &c cal'd me.  
And see where Secretary Prue comes from her, Ent. Prue.  
Emplord vpon some Ambassie vnto you—

Host. Ile meet her, if she come vpon emploiment;  
Faire Lady, welcome, as your host can make you.

Prue. Forbeare, Sir, I am first to haue mine audience,  
Before the complement. This gentleman  
Is my addresse to. Host. And it is in state.

Prue. My Lady, Sir, as glad e'the encounter  
To finde a seruant here, and such a seruant,  
Whom she so values; with her best respects,  
Desires to be remembred: and invites  
Your noblenesse, to be a part, to day,  
Of the society, and mirth intended  
By her, and the yong Lords, your fellow-servants.  
Who are alike ambitious of enioying  
The faire request; and to that end haue sent  
Me, their imperfect Orator, to obtaine it:  
Which if I may, they haue elected me,  
And crown'd me, with the title of a soueraigne  
Of the dayes sports devised i'the Inne,  
So you be pleas'd to addc your suffrage to it.

Lov. So I be pleas'd, my gentle mistresse Prudence?  
You cannot thinke me ofthat courte conditions,  
T'enuy you any thing. Host. That's nobly say'd!  
And like my ghest! Lov. I gratulate your honor;  
And shold, with cheare, lay hold on any handle,  
That could aduance it. But for me to thinke,  
I can be any rag, or particle

O'your

*The New Inne.*

O your Ladys care, more then to fill her life,  
She being the Lady, that professeth still  
To loue no soule, or body, but for endes s  
Which are her sports: And is not nice to speake this,  
But doth proclaim it, in all companies:  
Her Ladiship must pardon my weake counsels,  
And weaker will, if it decline t'obay her.

*Pru.* O master Lovel you must not giue credit  
To all that Ladies publiuely profess,  
Or talke, o'th volce, vnto their seruants:  
Their tonges and thoughts, oft times lie far alunder,  
Yet, when they please, they haue their cabinet-councils  
And reserued thoughts, and can retire themselues,  
As well as others. *Hof.* I, the subtlest of vs!  
All that is borne within a Ladies lips—

*Pru.* Is not the issue of their hearts, mine host.

*Hof.* Or kisse, or drinke afore me. *Pru.* Stay, excuse me  
Mine errand is not done. Yet, if her Ladyships  
Slighting, or disesteeme, Sir, of your seruice,  
Hath formerly begot any distaste,  
Which I not know of; here, I vow vnto you,  
Upon a Chambermaids simplicite,  
Reseruing, still, the honour of my Lady,  
I will be bold to hold the glasse vp to her,  
To shew her Ladyship where she hath err'd,  
And how to tender satisfaction:  
So you vouchsafe to proue, but the dayes venter!

*Ho.* What say you, Sir? where are you? are you within?

*Lov.* Yes: I will waite vpon her, and the company.

*Hof.* It is enough, Queene Prudence, I will bring him:

And

## The new Inne.

And, o'this kisse, I long'd to kisse a Queene!

*Lov.* There is no life on earth, but being in loue!  
There are no studis, no delights, no busynesse,  
No entercburse, or trade of sense, or soule,  
But what is loue! I was the laziest creature,  
The most vnproufitable signe of nothing,  
The veriest drone, and slept away my life  
Beyond the Dormouse, till I was in loue!  
And, now, I can out-wake the Nightingale,  
Out-watch an visuer, and out-walke him too,  
Stalke like a ghost, that haunted bous a treasure,  
And all that phant'sid treasure, it is loue!

*Hof.* But is your name *Loue-sit*, Sir, or *Loue-well*?  
I would know that. *Lov.* I doe not know't my selfe,  
Whether it is. But it is Loue hath bee[n] A povertie  
The hereditary passion of our house, *loue* is  
My gentle host, and, as I guesse, my friend; *loue* is  
The truth is, I haue lou'd this Lady long, *loue* is  
And impotently, with desire enough, *loue* is  
But no successe: for I haue still forbore[n] *loue* is  
To expresse it, in my person, to her. *Hof.* How then? *O*  
*Lov.* I ha' sent her toyces, verses, and *Anagram*'s, *loue* is  
Trials o' wit, mere trifles she has commended, *loue* is  
But knew not whence they came, nor could she guesse.

*Hof.* This was a pretty ridling way of wooing! *loue* is

*Lov.* I oft haue bene, too, in her company; *loue* is  
And look'd vpon her, a whole day; admird her; *loue* is  
Lou'd her, and did not tell her so; lou'd still, *loue* is  
Look'd still, and lou'd: and lou'd, and look'd, and sight'd;  
But, as a man neglected, I came of, *loue* is

C

And

DOWME

## The New Inne.

And vnguarded—*Hest*. Could you blame her, Sir,  
When you were silent, and not said a word?

*Lov.* O but I lou'd the more; and she might read it  
Best, in my silence, had she bin—*Hest*. As melancholique  
As you are. 'Pray you, why would you stand mute, Sir?

*Lov.* O thereon hangs a history, mine host.  
Did you euer know, or heare, of the Lord Beaufort,  
Who seru'd so brauely in *France*? I was his page,  
And, ere he dy'd, his friend! I follow'd him;  
First, i'the warres; and i'the times of peace,  
I waited on his studies: which were right.

He had no *Artibars*, nor no *Rosicleer's*,  
*No Knights o're the Sunne*, nor *Amadis de Gauls*,  
*Primalions*, and *Pantagruel's*, publique Nothings;  
Abortives of the fabulous, darke cloyster,  
Sent out to poison courts, and infest manners:  
But great *Achilles*, *Agamemnon's* acts,  
*Sage Nestor's* counsels, and *Ulysses* slights,  
*Tydides* fortitude, as *Hommer* wrought them  
In his immortall phantacie, for examples  
Of the Heroick vertue. Or, as *Virgil*,  
That master of the Epick poeme, lynn'd  
Pious *Eneas*, his religious Prince,  
Bearing his aged Parent on his shoulders,  
Rapt from the flames of *Troy*, with his yong sonne.  
And these he brought to practise, and to vse.  
He gaue me first my breeding, I acknowledge,  
Then shew'd his bounties on me, like the Howres,  
That open-handed sit vpon the Clouds,  
And presse the liberality of heaven.

Downe

## The new Inne.

Downe to the laps of thankfull men ! But then !  
The trust committed to me, at his death,  
Was aboue all ! and left so strong a tye  
On all my powers ! as time shall not dissolute !  
Till it dissolute it selfe, and bury all !  
The care of his braue heire, and only sonne !  
Who being a vertuous, sweet, yong, hopefull Lord,  
Hath cast his first affections on this Lady.  
And though I know, and may presume her such,  
As, out of humor, will returne no loue ;  
And therefore might indifferently be made  
The courting-stock, for all to praetise on,  
As she doth practise on all vs, to scorne :  
Yet, out of a religion to my charge,  
And debt profess'd, I ha'made a selfe-decree,  
Nere to expresse my person ; though my passion  
Burne me to cinders. *Hoſt.* Then yo'are not so subtle,  
Or halfe so read in loue-craft, as I tooke you.  
Come, come, you are no Phœnix, an' you were,  
I should expect no miracle from your ashes.  
Take some aduice. Be still that rag of loue,  
You are. Burne on till you turne tinder.  
This Chambermaid may hap to proue the steele,  
To strike a sparkle out o'the flint, your mistrefse  
May beget bonfires yet, you doe not know,  
What light may be forc'd out, and from what darknes.

*Lov.* Nay, I am so resolu'd, as still to le loue  
Tho' not confess'e it. *Hoſt.* That's, Sir, as it chances :  
We'll throw the dice for it : Cheare vp, *Lov.* I doe

*The New Inne.*

**Act 2. Scene 1.**

*Lady. Prudence.*

Come wench, this sute will serue : dispatch, make ready,  
It was a great deale with the biggest for me ;  
Which made me leaue it off after once wearing.  
How do's it fit ? wilt come together ? *Prn.* hardly.  
*Lad.* Thou must make shift with it. Pride feeleth no paine.  
Girt thee hard, *Prn.* Pox o' this errand Taylour,  
He angers me beyond all marke of patience.  
These base *Mechanicks* never keepe their word,  
In any thing they promise. *Prn.* Tis their trade, madam ;  
To sweare and breake, they all grow rich by breaking,  
More then their words ; their honesties, and credits,  
Are still the first commodity they put off. (often.)

*Lad.* And worst, it seemes, which makes them do so  
If he had but broke with me, I had not car'd,  
But, with the company, the body politique —

*Prn.* Frustrate our whole designe, hauing that time,  
And the materials in so long before ?

*Lad.* And he to faile in all, and disappoint vs ?  
The rogue deserues a torture — *Prn.* To be crop'd  
With his owne Scizzers. *Lad.* Let's devise him one.

*Prn.* And ha' the stumps scar'd vp with his owne scissars. (ring candle)

*Lad.* Close to his head, to trundle on his pillow ?  
I'le ha' the Leasie of his house cut out in measures,

*Prn.*

## The New Inne.

Prn. And he be strangl'd with 'hem? Lad. No, no life  
I would ha'touch't, but stretch'd on his owne yard  
He shold be alittle, ha' the strappado? Prn. Or an ell of sta-  
Drawne thorow his guts, by way of glister, & fir'd (fata  
With aqua vite? Lad. Burning i'the hand ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> i'the hand  
With the pressing iron cannot save him. Prn. Yes,  
Now I haue got this on : I doe forgive him, (cruell,  
What robes he should ha'brought. Lad. Thou art not  
Although streight-lac'd, I see, Prn! Prn. This is well.

Lad. Tis rich enough! But 'tis not what I meant thee!  
I would ha' had thee brauer then my selfe,  
And brighter farre. 'T will fit the *Players* yet,  
When thou hast done with it, and yeeld thee somewhat.

Prn. That were illiberall, madam, and mere sordid  
In me, to let a suite of yours come there.

Lad. Tuc, all are *Players*, and but serue the Scene. Prn,  
Dispatch ; I feare thou dost not like the prouince,  
Thou art so long a fitting thy selfe for it.  
Here is a Scarfe, to make thee a knot finer.

Pr. You send me a feasting, madame. Ld. Weare it wench:  
Prn. Yes, but, with leauc o' your Ladiship, I would tel you  
This can but beare the face of an odde journey.

Lad. Why Prn? Prn. A Lady of your ranke and quality,  
To come to a publique Inne, so many men,  
Yong Lords, and others, i'your company!  
And not a woman but my selfe, a Chamber-maid!

Lad. Thou doubt'lt to be ouer-layd Prn? Feare it not,  
I le beare my part, and share with thee, i'cheventer.

Prn. O but the censure, madame, is the maine,  
What will they say of you? or iudge of me?

## The New Inne.

To be translated thus, 'bouc all the bound  
Of fitnesse, or decorum? *Lad.* How, now! *Prn!*  
Turn'd tooke vpo' the suddaine, and talke idly  
I' thy best cloathes! shoot bolts, and sentences  
T'affright babies with? as if I liu'd  
To any other scale then what's my owne?  
Or sought my selfe, without my selfe, from home?  
*Prn.* Your Ladyship will pardon me, my fault,  
If I haue over-shot, I'll shoothe no more.

*Lad.* Yes shoothe againe, good *Prn*, I'll ha' thee shoothe,  
And aime, and hit: I know 'tis loue in thee,  
And so I doe interpret it. *Prn.* Then madame,  
I'll craue a farther leaue. *Lad.* Be it to licence,  
It sha'not want an eare, *Prn*. Say, what is it?

*Prn.* A toy I haue, to raise a little mirth,  
To the designe in hand. *Lad.* Out with it *Prn*.  
If it but chime of mirth. *Prn.* Mine host has, madame,  
A pretty boy i' the house, a deinty child,  
His sonne, and is o' your Ladiships name too, *Frans*.  
Whom if your Ladiship would borrow of him,  
And giue me leaue to dresse him, as I would,  
Should make the finest Lady, and kins-woman,  
To keepe you company, and deceiuē my Lords,  
Vpo' the matter, with a fountaine o' sport.

*Lad.* I apprehend thee, and the source of mirth  
That it may breed, but is he bold enough,  
The child? and well assur'd? *Prn.* As I am, madame,  
Haue him in no suspicion, more then me;  
Here comes mine host: will you but please to aske him  
Or let me make the motion? *Lad.* Which thou wilt, *Prn*.

## The New Inne.

### Act 2. Scene 2.

*Host. Lady. Prudence. Franks.*

Your Ladiship, and all your traine are welcome.

*Lad.* I thank my hearty host. *Host.* so is your souerainty, Madame, I wish you ioy o'your new gowne.

*Lad.* It should ha'bin, my host, but *Stuffe*, our Taylor Has broke with vs, you shall be o'the counsell.

*Prn.* He will deserue it, madame, my Lady has heard You haue a pretty sonne, mine host, she'd see him.

*Lad.* I very faine, I pr'y thee let me see him, host.

*Host.* Your Ladiship shall presently,

Bid *Franks* come hither, anone, vnto my Lady,

It is a bashfull child, homely brought vp,

In a rude holekry. But the light Heart

Is his fathers, and it may be his.

Here he comes. *Frank* salute my Lady. *Fra.* I doe.

What, madame, I am desir'd to doe, by my birthright, As heire of the light Heart, bid you most welcome.

*Lad.* And I beleue your most, my prettie boy, Being so emphased, by you. *Fra.* Your Ladiship, If you beleue it such, are surc to make it. (madame,

*Lad.* Pretily answer'd! Is your name *Francis?* *Fra.* Yes

*Lad.* I loue mine own the better. *Fra.* If I knew yours, I should make haste to doe to too, good madame. (eth

*Lad.* It is the same with yours. *F.* Mine then acknowledg-

## The New Inne.

The lustre it receiuues, by being nam'd, after. (silence)  
Lad. You will win vpon me in complement, Fra. By  
Lad. A modest, and a faire well-spoken-child.

Hof. Her Ladiship, shall have him, loueraigne Prn,  
Or what I haue beside: diuide my heart,  
Betweene you and your Lady. Make your vse ofit:  
My house is yours, my sonne is yeus. Behold,  
I tender him to your seruice; Franke, become I wot  
What these braue Ladies would ha' you. Only this,  
There is a chare-woman i'the house, his nurse, mabell  
An Irish woman, I tooke in, a beggar,  
That waits vpon him; a poore silly foole,  
But an impertinent, and ledulous one,  
As cuer was: will vexe you on all occasions,  
Never be off, or from you, but in her sleepe,  
Or drinke which makesit. She doth loue him so,  
Or rather doate on him. Now, for her, a shap  
As we may dresse her (and He helpe) to fit her,  
With a tuft-taffata cloake, an old French hoody,  
And other pieces, heterogene enough.

Prn. We ha' brought a standard of apparell, down  
Because this Taylor layld vs i'the maine.

Hof. She shall aduaunce the game. Prn. About it then  
And send but Trundle, hither, the coachman, to me:

Hof. I shall: But Prn, let Lovel ha' faire quarter.

Prn. The best. Lad. Our Host (me thinks) is very game

Prn. How like you the boy? Lad. A miracle! Prn. Good  
But take him in, and fort a lute for him, (Madam)  
He give our Trundle his instructions, (Madam)  
And wayt vpon your Ladiship, if the instant. (Madam)

LAD.

## The New Inne.

Lad. But Pr., what shall we call him, when we ha'drest  
Pr. My Lady-No-body, Any thing what you wil. (him?)

Lad. Call him Letitia, by my sisters name,  
And so t'will minde our mirth too, we haue in hand.

## Act 2. Scene. 3.

Good Trundle, you must straight make ready the  
And lead the horses out but halfe a mile, (Coach,  
Into the fields, whether you will, and then  
Driue in againe, with the Coach-leaues put downe,  
At the backe gate, and so to the backe stayres,  
As if yu brought in some body, to my Ladys. I  
A Kinswoman, that she sent for, Make that answyer  
If you be askd; and give it out i'the house, so.

Tru. What trick is this, good Mistresse Secretary,  
You'l d'put vpon vs? Pr. V's? Do you speake plurall?

Tru. Me and my Mates are vs. Pr. If you so ioyne  
Elegant Trundle, your day vse your figures. ("hem.  
I can but vrge, it is my Ladys seruice.

Tru. Good Mistresse Prudence, you can vrge inough,  
I know you are Secretary to my Ladys, I am i lo ne s A  
And Mistresse Steward. Pr. You'l still be trundling,  
And ha' your wages stopt, now at the Andite.

Tru. Tis true, you are Gentlewoman o' the horse too.  
Or what you will, beside, Pr., I do think it:

My

# The New Inn.

My best to obey you. *Pru.* And I thinke so too, *Trinckle*.

## Act. 2. Scene. 4.

*Beaumont, Latimer. Loft.*

Why here's returne inough of both our venters,  
If we doe make no more discouery. *Lar.* what?  
Then o' this Parasite? *Bea.* O he's a deinty one.  
The Parasite o' the house. *Lar.* here comes mine host.  
*Hof.* My Lords, you both are welcome to the Heart.  
*Bea.* To the light heart we hope. *Lar.* And mery I swere  
We never yet felte such a fit of laughter,  
As your glad heart hath offerd vs, sin' we entred. *(Fly)*  
*Bea.* How came you by this propertie? *Hof.* who's my  
*Bea.* Your Fly if you call him so. *Hof.* nay, he is that.  
And will be still. *Bea.* In every dish and pot? *(Fly)*  
*Hof.* In every Cup, and company, my Lords,  
A Creature of all liquors, all complexions,  
Be the drinke what it will, hee'l haue his syp. *(Fly)*  
*Lar.* He's fittid with a name. *Hof.* And he joyes in't:  
I had him when I came to take the Nine, here,  
Assign'd me ouer, in the Inventory,  
As an old implement, a peice of household-bluffe,  
And so he doth remaine. *Bea.* Just such a thing, *(Fly)*  
We thought him, *Lar.* Is he a scholler? *Hof.* Nothing  
But colours for it, as you see: wear's black; *(Fly)*  
And speakes a little taynted, fly-blowne. *Lar.* *(Fly)*

*After*

## The New Inne.

After the Schoole. Bea. Of Stratford o' the Bow.

For Lillies Latine, is to him vnown.

Lat. What calling has' he? Hos. Only to call in, still,

Enflame the reckoning, bold to charge a bill,

Bring vp the shot i'the reare, as his owne word is,

Bea. And do's it in the discipline of the house?

As Corporall o' the field, *Maestro del Campo*,

Hos. And visiter generall, of all the roome,

He has' form'd a fine militia for the Inne too.

Bea. And meanea to publish it? Hos. With all his titles.

Some call him Deacon Fly, some Doctor Fly.

Some Captaine, some Lieutenant, But my folkes

Doc call him Quarter-master, Fly, which he is.

## Act. 2. Scene.5.

Come Quarter-master Fly. Hos. Here's one, already,

Hath got his Titles. Tip. Doctor! Fly. Noble Colonel!

No Doctor, yet. A poore professor of ceremony,

Here i'the Inne, retainer to the host,

I discipline the house. Tip. Thou read'st a lecture.

Vnto the family here, when is the day? (a Doctor,

Fly. This is the day. Tip. I'll heare thee, and I'll ha' thee

Thou shalt be one, thou hast a Doctors looke!

# The New Flyne.

A face disputatione, of Salamanca.

*Hof.* Who's this? *Lst.* The glotious Colonel Tippe, Holl,

*Bea.* One talkes vpon his tiptoes, if you'll heare him;

*Tip.* Thou hast good learning in thee, *mache Fly.*

*Fly.* And I say *mache*, to my Colonel. (if faith,

*Hof.* Well *mached* of hem both. *Bea.* They are march'd

*Tip.* But *Fly*, why *mache*? *Fly.* Quafis magis ambo,

My honourable Colonel. *Tip.* What a Critique!

*Hof.* There's another accession, Critique *Fly.*

*Lst.* I scarce a taynt here i the *Mathematiques*.

They say, lines paralell doe never meet;

He has met his paralell in wit, and schole-craft;

*Bea.* They side, not meet man, mend your metaphor,

And save the credit of your *Mathematiques*:

*Tip.* But *Fly*, how cam'st thou to be here, committed  
Vnto this Inne? *Fly.* Vpon suspicion o'drinkc, Sir,  
I was taken late one night, here, with the Tapster,  
And the vnder-officers, and so deposited.

*Tip.* I will redeeme thee, *Fly*, and place thee better,  
With a faire Lady. *Fly.* A Lady, sweet Sir Glorious!

*Tip.* A Sou'raigne Lady. Thou shalt be the Bird  
To Sou'raigne *Prn*, Queene of our sports, her *Fly*,  
The *Fly* in housshould, and in ordinary;  
Bird of her eare, and she shall weare thee there!  
A *Fly* of gold, enamel'd, and a schoole-*Fly*.

*Hof.* The schoole, then are my stables, or the celler,  
VVhere he doth study, deepeley, at his houres,  
Cases of cups, I doe not know how spicid  
VVith conscience, for the Tapster, and the Hostler:  
VVhose horses may be cofferd? or what Tugs  
Fil'd vp with froth? that is his way of learning. *Tip.*

## The New Inne.

*Tip.* VVhat antiquated Fether's that, that talkes?

*Fly.* The worshipfull host, my patron, M<sup>r</sup>. Good-Stock:  
A merry Greke, and cants in Latine, comely,  
Spins like the parish top. *Tip.* I'le set him vp, then:  
Art thou the *Dominus i Host: Fac-totum* here, Sir.

*Tip.* Host reall o'the houle? and Cap of Maintenance?

*Host.* The Lord o'the light Heart, Sir, Cap a pie;  
VVhereof the Fether is the Embleme, Colonel,  
Put vp, with the Ace of Hearts! *Tip.* But why in *Cuerpo*?  
I hate to see an host, and old, in *Cuerpo*. (doublet.)

*Host.* Cuerpo? what's that? *Tip.* Light, skipping hose and  
The horse boyes garbe! poore blank, and halfe blank.  
They relish not the grauity of an host, (*Cuerpo*,  
VWho should be King at Armes, and ceremonies,  
In his owne houle! know all, to the goldweights.

*Bea.* VVhy that his *Fly* doth for him here, your Bird.

*Tip.* But I would doe it my selfe, were I my Host,  
I would not speake vnto a Cooke of quality,  
Your Lordships footman, or my Ladys Trundles,  
In Cuerpol If a Dog but slay'd below  
That were a dog offashion, and well nofd,  
And could present himselfe; I would put on  
The Savoy chaine about my neck; the ruffe;  
And cuffes of Flanders; then the Naples hat;  
VVith the Rome hatband; and the Florentine Agate;  
The Milan sword; the cloake of Genoa; set  
With Brabane buttons; all my giuen pieces:  
Except my gloues, the natives of Madrid,  
To entertaine him in! and complement  
With a tame cony, as with a Prince that sent it.

*Host.*

## The New Inne.

Hof. The same deeds, though, become not every man;  
That fits a Colonel, will not fit an hoy,

Tip. Your Spanish hoy is never seen in Cmerpa, (the father  
Without his Paramento's cloake, & sword. Fli. Sir he ha  
Offworts, within a long sword; Blade cornish stild

Of Sir Rud Hughdibres.

Tip. And with a long sword, bully bird' thy sence!

Fli. To note him a tall-man, and a Master offence;

Tip. But doth he teach the Spanish way of *Don Lewis*?

Fli. No, the Greeke Master he. Tip. what cal you him? Fli.

Tip. Fart vpon Euclide, he is stale, & antique, (*Euclid*  
Gime the modernes. Fli. Sir he minds no modernes,  
Go by, Hieronymo! Tip. What was he? Fli. The Italian,  
That plaid with Abbot *Antony*, i'the Friars,  
And *Blinkin-sops* the bold. Tip. I mary, those,  
Had fencing names, what's become o'them?

Hof. They had their times, and we can say, they were  
So had *Caranza*-his: so had *Don Lewis*.

Tip. *Don Lewis* of Madrid, is the sole Master  
Now, of the world. Hof. But this, o'the other world  
*Euclide* demonstrates' he! Hee's for all!  
The only fencer of name, now in *Elysium*.

Fli. He do's it all, by lines, and angles, Colonel.  
By parallels, and sections, has his *Diagrammes*!

Bea. Wilt thou be flying, Fli? Lat. At all, why not?  
The ayre's as free for a fly, as for an *Eagle*.

Bea. A Buzzard! he is in his contemplation!

Tip. *Euclide* a fencer, and in the *Elysium*!

Hof. He play'd a prize, last weeke, with *Archimedes*,  
And beat him I assure you. Tip. Doe you assure me?

For what?

## The New Inne.

For what? *Hof.* For fourt i' the hundred. Gi'me fwe,  
And I assure you, againe. *Tip.* Host, Peremptory,  
You may be tane, But where? whence had you this?

*Hof.* Vpo' the road, A post, that came from thence,  
Three dayes agoe, here, left it with the Tapster.

*Fly.* Who is indeede a thorough fare of newes,  
Jack Ing with the broken belly, a witty fellow! (Bird?)  
*Hof.* Your Bird here heard him. *Tip.* Did you heare him  
*Hof.* Speake i'the faith of a flic. *Fly.* Yes, and he told vs,  
Of one that was the Prince of *Oranges* fencer,  
*Tip.* *Stenius*? *Fly.* Sir the same, had challeng'd *Enclide*  
A thirty weapons more then *Archimedes*  
Ere saw; and engines: most of his owne Invention.

*Tip.* This may haue credit, and chimes reason, this!  
If any man endanger *Enclide*, Bird,  
Obserue, that had the honor to quit *Europe*  
This forty yeare, tis he. He put downe *Scaliger*.

*Fly.* And he was a great Master. *Bea.* Not of fence, *Fly.*  
*Tip.* Excuse him, Lord, he went o'the same grounds:  
*Bea.* On the same earth I thinke, with other Mortals?  
*Tip.* I meane, sweete Lord, the *Mathematiques*, *Bast's*!  
When thou know'st more, thou wilt take less, greene  
He had his circles, semicircles, quadrants — (honor.

*Fly.* He writ a booke o' the quadrature o'the Circle,  
*Tip.* *Cyclometria*, I read — *Bea.* The title onely.

*Lar.* And *Indice*. *Bea.* If it had one of that quare  
What insolent, halfe-witted things, these are?

*Lar.* So are all smatterers, insolent, and impudent.

*Bea.* They lightly go together. *Lar.* T'is my wonder!  
Two animals should hawke at all discourse thus!

*Fly*

c 8

# The New Inne.

Flic euery subiect to the Marke, or retayne—  
*Bea.* And never ha' the lucke to be i'the right!  
*Lar.* Tis some folkes fortune! *Bea.* Fortune's a Ban  
And a blind Begger: 'tis their vanity! *Tip.* I could take the hem  
To write unto *Don Lewis*, into *Spain*, (now  
To make a progresse to the *Elysian* fields,  
Next summer—*Bea.* And perswade him die for same,  
Offencing with a shadow! Where's mine Host?  
I would he had heard this buble breakē, i'tayth.

## Act. 2. Scene 6.

*Host.* *Tip.* *Prudence.* *Beaufort.* *Lacimer.*  
*Frank.* *Nurse.* *Lady.* *Flic.* *Lovel.*  
Make place, stand by, for the Queen Regent, Gentle  
*Tip.* This is thy Queen, that shalbe Bird, our Souverain  
*Bea.* Translated *Prudence!* *Prn.* Sweet my Lord,  
It is not now, as when plaine *Prudence* liu'd,  
And teach'd her Ladiship—*Host.* The Chamber-pot,

*Prn.* The looking-glasse, mine Host, louse your houſe  
You haue a negligent memory, indeed; (Metaphor  
Speake the host's language. Here's a yong Lord,  
Will make't a precedent else. *Lar.* Well acted *Prn.*

## The New Inne.

*Hof.* First minute of her raigne ! what will she doe  
Forty yeare hence ? God blesse her ! *Pru.* If you'll killie,  
Or complement, my Lord, behold a Lady,  
A stranger, and my Ladys kinswoman.

*Bea.* I doe confesse my rudenesse, that had need  
To haue mine eye directed to this beauty.

*Fra.* It was so little, as it ask'd a perspicill.

*Bea.* Lady, your names ? *Fra.* My Lord, it is *Letitia*.

*Bea.* *Letitia* ! a faire owen ! And I take it,  
Let me haue still such *Lettice* for my lips ;  
But that o' your family, Lady ? *Fra.* Silly, Sir.

*Bea.* My Ladys kinswoman ? *Fra.* I am so honour'd.

*Hof.* Already, it takes ! *Lad.* An excellent fine boy.

*Nur.* He is descended of a right good stock, Sir.

*Bea.* What's this ? an Antiquary ? *Hof.* An Antiquity,  
By th' dreise, you'd swaere ! An old Welsh Heralds wi-

(daw:  
She's a wild-Irish borne ! Sir, and a Hybride,  
That liues with this yong Lady, a mile off here,  
And studies *Vincent* against Yorke. *Bea.* She'l conquer,  
If she read *Vincent*. Let me study her.

*Hof.* She's perfect in most pedigrees, most descents.

*Bea.* A Baud, I hope, and knowes to blaze a coate.

*Hof.* And iudgeth all things with a single eyc,  
*Fra.*, come you hithers; No discouery  
Of what you see, to your Colonel *Tee*, or *Tip*, here,  
But keepe all close, tho' you stand i'the way o'prefer-  
(ment,

## The New Inne.

Seeke it, off from the roade ; no flattery sort :  
No lick-foote, paine of loosing your proboscis :  
My Licorish Fly. *Tip.* What sayes old velvet-head ?  
*Fly.* He will present me himselfe, Sir, if you will not.  
*Tsp.* Who ? he present ? what ? whome ? An Host !

(A Groome)

Divide the thanks with me ? share in my glories ?  
Lay vp. I say no more. *Hof.* Then silence Sir,  
And heare the sou'aigne. *Tip.* Hostlers ? to usurpe  
Upon my Sparta or Province, as they lay ?  
No broome but mine ? *Hof.* Still Colonel, you mutter.

*Tip.* I dare speake out, as *Ouerpo.* *Fly.* Noble Colond.  
*Tip.* And carry what I aske. *Hof.* Ask what you can do :  
So't be i'the house. *Tip.* I ask my rights & priuiledges,  
And though for forme I please to call a suit,  
I haue not beene accustomed to repulse.

*Pru.* No sweet Sir *Glorious,* you may still command.  
*Hof.* And go without. *Pru.* But yet Sir being the first,  
And call'd a suit, you'll looke it shall be such  
As we may grant. *Lad.* It else denies it selfe.

*Pru.* You heare the opinion of the Court. *Tip.* Indeed  
No Court opinions. *Pru.* Tis my Ladies, though.

*Tip.* My Lady is a Spinster, at the Law,  
And my petition is of right. *Pru.* What is it ?

*Tip.* It is for this poore learned bird. *Hof.* The Fly.

*Tip.* Professor in the Inne, here, of small matter.

*Lad.* How he commends him ! *Hof.* As, to save himself

(in him)

*Lad.* So do all *Politiques* in their commendations.

*Hof.* This is a State-bird, and the verier flic ?

*Tip.*

## The New Inne.

Tip. Hear him problematize. Pr. Blesses vs, what's that?

Tip. Or syllogize, clenchize. Lad. Sure, petard's,  
Toblow vs vp. Lat. Some inginous strong words!

Hof. He meaneſ to erect a castle i'the ayre,  
And make his flic an Elephant to carry it.

Tip. Bird of the Arts he is, and Fly by name! (elſe.

Prn. Buz. Hof. Blow him off good Prn, they'll mar all

Tip. The Soueraigne's honor is to cheriſh learning.

Prn. What iñ a Fly! Tip. In any thing induſtrious.

Pr. But Flies are busie! Lad. Nothing more troublous,  
Or impotente! Tip. Ther's nothing more domestick,  
Tame, or familiar then your Flic in Cnero. (deed, elſe

Hof. That is when his wings are cut, he is tame in-  
Nothing more impudent, and greedy; licking:

Lad. Or fawcy, good Sir Gloriouſ. Pr. Leaue your Ad-  
Except that we ſhall call you Orator Flic, (uocato-ſhip  
And ſend you downe to the drefſer, and the dishes.

Hof. A good flap, that! Prn. Commit you to the ſteem!

Lad. Or diſcondemn you to the bowles, Pr. And pots:  
There is his quarry. Hof. He will chirp, far better,  
Your bird below. Lad. And make you ſiner Mufique.

Prn. His buz will they become him. Tip. Come away,  
Buz, in their faces: Giue them all the Buz,  
Dor in their eares, and eyes, Hum, Dor, and Buz!  
I will ſtatiminate and vnderprop thee.

If they ſcarne vs, let vs ſcorne them— We'll finde  
The thorough-fare below, and Quere him,  
Leaue theſe relicts, Buz; they ſhall ſee that I,  
Spight of their jeares, dare drinke, and with a Flic.

Lat. A faire remoue at once, of two impertinents!

## The New Inne.

Excellent *Pru*! I love thee for thy wit,  
No lesse then State. *Pru*. One must preſtrue the other.  
*Lad*. Who's here? *Pru*. O *Lovel*, Madam, your ſad ſervant.  
*Lad*. Sad? he is fallen ſtill, and weares a cloud  
About his browes; I know not how to approach him.  
*Pru*. I will instruct you, madame, if that be all,  
Goe to him and kiffe him. *Lad*. How, *Pru*? *Pru*. Goe, and  
kiffe him, (No,  
I doe command it. *Lad*. Th'art not wilde, wench! *Pru*.  
Tame, and exceeding tame, but ſtill your Sou'reigne.  
*Lad*. Hath too much brauery made thee mad? *Pru*. Nor  
Doe, what I doe enioyne you. No disputing (proud  
Of my prerogatiue, with a front, or frown; (T  
Doe not detrect: you know th'authority (from him  
Is mine, and I will exercise it, ſwiftly, (p<sup>r</sup>g<sup>r</sup>wal<sup>h</sup> D<sup>h</sup> l<sup>l</sup>  
If you prouoke me. *Lad*. I haue wouen a net  
To ſnare my ſelfe in! Sir I am enioyn'd (u<sup>m</sup>b<sup>r</sup>u<sup>n</sup>b<sup>h</sup>  
To tender you a kiffe; but doe not know  
Why, or wherefore, onely the pleasure royll  
Will haue it ſo, and vrges— Doe not you (p<sup>a</sup>d<sup>z</sup> a<sup>m</sup> n<sup>z</sup>  
Triumph on my obedience, ſeeing it for't thus.  
There 'tis. *Lov*. And welcome. Was there euer kiffe  
That reliſh'd thus! or had a ſting like this,  
Of ſo much *Nectar*, but, with *Aloës* mixt.

*Pru*. No murmuring, nor repining, I am fixt.  
*Lov*. It had, me thinks, a quinteffence of either,  
But that which was the better, drown'd the bitter.  
How ſoone it paſſ'd away! how vnrecovered!  
The diſtillation of another ſoule  
Was not ſo ſweet! and till I meet againe,

That

## The New Inne.

That kisse, those lips, like relish, and this taste,  
Let me turne all, consumption, and, here waste.

*Pru.* The roiall assent is past, and cannot alter.

*Lad.* You'l turne a Tyran. *Pru.* Be not you a Rebell,  
It is a name is alike odious.

*Lad.* You'l heare me? *Pru.* No, not o'this argument.  
Would you make lawes, and be the first that break hem?  
The example is pernicious in a subiect,  
And of your quality, most. *Lad.* Excellent Princesse!

*Host.* Iust Queenel *Lad.* Braue Sou'raigne. *Host* A she-  
(*Traian!* this!)

*Bea.* What is't? Proceede incomparable *Pru!*  
I am glad I am scarce at leasure to applaud thee.

*Lad.* It's well for you, you haue so happy expressions.

*Lad.* Yes, cry her vp, with acclamations, doe,  
And cry me downe, runne all with soueraignty:  
Prince Power will never want her Parasites.

*Pru.* Nor Murmure her pretences: Master Lovet,  
For so your libell here, or bill of complaint,  
Exhibited, in our high Court of Sou'raigny,  
At this first hower of our raigne, declares  
Against this noble Lady, a dis-respect  
You haue conceiu'd, if not receiu'd, from her.

*Host.* Receiued, so the charge lies in our bill.

*Pru.* We see it, his learned Councell, leauing your planing;  
We that doe loue our iustice, aboue all  
Our other Attributes; and haue the neareness,  
To know your extraordinary merit;  
As also to discerne this Ladys goodnesse;  
And finde how loth shee'd be, to lose the honour,

## The New Inne.

And reputation, she hath had, in having  
So worthy a servant, though but for few minutes,  
Do here enioyne. *Hof.* Good! *Prn.* Charge, will, & com-  
Her Ladiship, pain of our high displeasure (mind  
And the committing an extreme contempt,  
Vnto the Court, our crowne and dignity.

*Hof.* Excellent Soueraigne! And egregious *Prn!*

*Prn.* To entertaine you for a payre of howres,  
(Choose, when you please, this day) with all respect,  
And valuation of a principall servant,  
To giue you all the titles, all the priuiledges,  
The freedomes, fauours, rights, she can bestow.

*Hof.* Large, ample words, of a braue latitudo!

*Prn.* Or can be expected, from a Lady of honor,  
Or quality, in discourse, accesse, addresse. (*Hof.* Good.

*Prn.* Not to giue eare, or admit conference  
With any person but your selfe. Nor there,  
Of any other argument, but loue,  
And the companion of it, gentile courtship.  
For which your two howres seruice, you shall take  
Two kiffes. *Hof.* Noble! *Prn.* For each howre, a kiffe,  
To be tane freely, fully, and legally;  
Before vs; in the Court here, & our presence. *Hof.* Rare!

*Prn.* But those howres past, and the two kiffes paid,  
The binding caution is, never to hope  
Renewing of the time, or of the suit,  
On any circumstance. *Hof.* A hard condition!

*Lat.* Had it beeene easier, I should haue suspected  
The sou'reaignes iustice. *Hof.* O you are servant,  
My Lord, vnto the Lady, and a Rival! *Prn.*

## The New June.

In point of law, my Lord, you may be chal'eng'd.

Lad. I am not iealous ! Host. Of so shorri a time  
Your Lorship needs not, and being done, *in feso*.

Pru. What is the answer? Host. He craves respite, ma-

(dame,  
To advise with his learned Councell. Pru. Be you he,

And goe together quickly. Lad. You are no Tyran ?

Pru. If I be madam, you were beste appeale me!

Lat. Beaforst - Bea. I am busie, prythee let me alone :  
I haue a cause in hearing too. Lat. At what Barre ?

Bea. Lou's Court o' Requests! Lat. Bring't into the  
It is the nobler Court, afore Judge Pru. (Souverainty:  
The only learned mother of the Law !  
And Lady o' conscience, too ! Bea. Tis well enough  
Before this mistresse of Requests, where it is.

Host. Let 'hem not scorne you. Bearc vp master Lovel.  
And take your howres, and killes, They are a fortune.

Lov. Which I cannot apprue, and lessie make vse of:

Host. Still i'this cloud! why cannot you make vse of ?

Lov. Who would be rich to be so soone vndone?  
The beggars bell is wealth, he doth not know : I say I  
And, but to shew it him, inflames his waner;

Host. Two howers at height ? Lov. That joy is too too  
Would bound a loue, so infinite as mine: (narrow,  
And being past, leaves an eternall losse.  
Who so prodigiously affects a feare,  
To forfeit health, and appetite, to see it ?  
Or but to taste a spoone-full, would sorgo

For Embelishments to crie to King

## The New Inne.

All gust of delicacy ever after ?  
*Hof.* These, yet, are hours of hope. *Lov.* But all hours  
Yeares of despaire, ages of misery !  
Nor can so short a happiness, but spring  
A world of feare, with thought of loosing it ;  
Better be never happy, then to feele  
A litte of it, and then loose it ever.

*Hof.* I doe confesse, it is a strict iunction ;  
But, then the hope is, it may not be kept.  
A thousand things may interuene, We see  
The winde shift often, thrice a day, sometimes ;  
Decrees may alter vpon better motion,  
And riper hearing. The best bow may start,  
And th' hand may vary. *Prn* may be a sage  
In Law, and yet not soure, sweet *Prn*, smooth *Prn*,  
Soft, *debonaire*, and amiable *Prn*,  
May doe as well as rough, and rigid *Prn* ;  
And yet maintayne her, venerable *Prn*,  
*Austrie* *Prn*, and *Serenissimus* *Prn*.  
Try but one hower first, and as you like  
The loose o'that, Draw home and prove the other.

*Lov.* If one howre could, the other happy make,  
I should attempt it. *Hof.* Put it on : and doe.

*Lov.* Or in the blest attempt that I might die !  
*Hof.* I mary, there were happiness indeed ;  
Transcendent to the Melancholy, meant.  
It were a fate, aboue a monument,  
And all inscription, to die so. A Death  
For Emperours to enjoy ! And the Kings

# The New Inn.

Of the rich East, to pawn their regions for  
To sow their treasure, open all their mines,  
Spend all their spices to embalm their corps,  
And wrap the inches vp in sheets of gold,  
That fell by such a noble destiny !  
And for the wrong to your friend, that scare's awa /,  
He rather wrongs himselfe, following fresh light,  
New eies to sweare by. If Lord Beaufort change,  
It is no crime in you to remaine constant.  
And vpon these conditions, at a game  
So vrg'd vpon you. *Prn.* Sir your resolution —

*Hes.* How is the Lady affected? *Pru.* Sou'reignes vs'e not  
To aske their subiects suffrage where'tis due;  
But where conditionall. *Hest.* A royall Sou'raigne!

*Lar.* And a rare States-woman. I admire her bearing  
In her new regiment. *Hoff.* Come choose your hours,  
Better be happy for a part of time,  
Then not the whole: and a short parr, then never.  
Shall I appoint 'em, pronounce for you? *Lov.* Your  
*(pleaseur,*

*Hof.* Then he designes his first houre after dinner;  
His second after supper. Say yee? Content? (tent.)  
*Pru.* Content. *Ead.* I am content. *Lat.* Content. *Fra.* Con-  
Bea. What's that? I am content too. *Lat.* You haue rea-  
You had it on the by, and we obseru'd it. (ton,

*Nur.* Trot I am not content: infair I am not.  
*Hof.* Why art not thou content, Good Shele-s-nien?  
*Nur.* He rauk so desperate, and so debaucht,  
So baudy like a Courtier, and a Lord, (mixt.  
God bleisse him, one that tak'th Tobacco. *Hof.* Very well  
What

## The New Inne.

What did he say? *Nur.* Nay, nothing to the purpose,  
Or very little, nothing at all to purpos.

*Hof.* Let him alone Nurse. *Nur.* I did tell him of Syl  
Was a great family come out of Ireland,  
Descended of O Neale, Mac Con, Mac Dermot,  
Mac Murrogh, but he mark'd not. *Hof.* Nor doe I.  
Good Queene of Heralds, ply the bottle, and sleepe.

## Act 3. Scene I.

*Tipto, Flie, Ing, Peirce, Jordan, Ferret, Trunale*

I like the plot of your *Militia*, well!  
It is a fine *Militia*, and well order'd!  
And the diuision's neat! 'T will be desir'd  
Only, the expressions were a little more *Spanish*:  
For there's the best *Militia* o'the world!  
To call 'em *Tertia*. *Tertia* of the kitchin,  
*Tertia* of the cellar, *Tertia* of the chamber,  
And *Tertia* of the stables. *Fly.* That I can, Sir,  
And finde out very able, fit commanders.  
In euery *Tertia*. *Tip.* Now you are i'the right!  
As i'the *Tertia* o'the kitchin, your selfe  
Being a person, elegant in sawces,  
There to command, as prime *Maestro del Campo*,  
Chief Master of the palate, for that *Tertia*:  
Or the Cooke vnder you, 'cause you are the Marshall,  
And the next officer i'the field, to the *Hof.*

Then

## The New Inne.

Then for the cellar, you haue young *Anone*,  
Is a rare fellow, what's his other name?

*Fly.* Pierce, Sir. *Tip.* Sir Pierce, I'le ha' him a Caualier.

Sir Pierce *Anon*, will peirce vs a new hogs-head!

And then your thorow-fare, *Jug* here, his *Alferez*:

An able officer, giu' me thy beard, round *Jug*,

I take thee by this handle, and doe loue

One of thy inches! I'the chambers, *Jordan*, here!

He is the *Don del Campo* o'the beds.

And for the stables, what's his name? *Fly.* old *Peck*.

*Tip.* Maestro del *Campo*, *Peck*! his name is *curt*,

A monosyllabe, but commands the horse well.

*Fly.* O, in an Inne, Sir, we haue other horse,

Let those troopes rest a while. Wine is the horse,

That wee must charge with here. *Tip.* Bring vp the

Or call sweet *Fly*, 'tis an exact *Militia*, (troopes,

And thou an exact professor, *Lipsius Fly*,

Thou shalt be cal'd, and *Touse*: *Lack Ferret*, welcome,

Old Trench-master, and Colonel o'the *Pyoners*,

What canst thou bolt vs now? a Coney? or two

Out of *Thom*: *Trundlesburrow*, here, the Coach?

This is the master of the carriages!

How is thy driving *Thom*: good, as twas?

*Tru.* It serues my Lady, and our officer *Pro*.

Twelve mile an hour! *Thom* has the old trundle still.

*Tip.* I am taken with the family, here, fine fellowes?

Viewing themster rail. *Tru.* They are braue men!

*Fer.* And of the *Fly*, blowne discipline all, the Quarter-

*Tip.* The *Fly*'s a rare bird, in his profession! (master)

Let's sip a private pinte with him, I would haue him

banA

Quit

## The New Inne.

Quis this light signe of the light heart, my bird  
And lighter house. It is not for his tall  
And growing grauity so Cedar-like,  
To be the second to an Host in *Cuerpo*,  
That knowes no elegancies, vse his owne  
*Diletamen*, and his *Genius*, I would haue him  
Flic high, and strike at all. Heer's yong *Anone*, too.  
*Pei.* What wine is't Gentlemen, white or claret?  
*Tip.* White. My briske *Anone*.  
*Pei.* I'le draw you *Iuno*'s milke  
That died the Lilies, Colonel. *Tip.* Do so *Peece*.  
*Peece.* A plague of all Iades, what a clap he has giv'n me!  
*Fli.* Why how now Cossen? *Tip.* Who's that?  
*Fer.* The Hostler. (hanches)  
*Fli.* What ay'l'st thou Cossen *Peck*? *Peece.* O me, my  
As sure as you liue, Sir, he knew perfectly  
I meant to Cossin him. He did leere so on me,  
And then he sneerd. As who would say take heed Sir,  
And when he saw out halfe-pecke, which you know  
Was but an old court-dish, Lord how he stamp'd  
I thought, 't had beeне for ioy. When suddainly  
He cuts me a backe caper with his heelles,  
And takes me just o'the crouper. Downe come I woh  
And my whole ounce of oates! Then he neighed ou,  
As if he had a Mare by the tayle. *Fli.* Troth Cossin,  
You are to blame to vse the poore dumbe Christians,  
So cruelly, defraud 'hem o're their *dimensio[n]s*,  
Yonder's the Colonels horse (there I look'dib) And  
Keeping our Ladies Eve! The diuell a bit  
He ha's got, sin'e he came in yet! There he stands,  
And

## The New Inne.

and lookes and lookes, but tis your pleasure, Cosse,  
He should looke leane enough.

Pec. He ha's hay before him. (choake him.

Fly. Yes, but as gross as hempe, and alsoone will  
vncesse he eat it butter'd. H' had foure shoes,  
And good ones, when he came in : It is a wonder,  
With standing still he should cast three. Pec. Troth

(Quarter-Master,

This trade is a kind of mystery, that corrupts  
Our standing manners quickly : Once a weeke,  
I meet with such a brush to mollifie me.  
Sometimes a brace, to awake my Conscience,  
Yet still, I sleepe securely. Fly. Cossin Peck,  
You must vse better dealing, fayth you must.

Pec. Troth, to give good example, to my successors,  
I could be well content to steele but two girths,  
And now and then a saddle cloth, change a bridle,  
For exercise : and stay there. Fly. If you could  
There were some hope, on you, Cosse. But the fate is  
You are drunke so early, you mistake whole Saddles :  
Sometimes a horse. Pec. I there's —

Fly. The wine, come Cosse, we talk with you anone.

Pec. Deo, loose no time, good Quarter-Master.

Tip There are the horse, come, Elie.

Fly. Charge, in Boyes, in; Lieutenant o'the ordinance.  
Tobacco, & pipes: Tip. Who's that? Old Jordan, good!  
A comely vessel, and a necessary.

New-fcour'd he is : Here's to thee, Martiall Fly.  
In milke, my yong Anone sayes. Pei. Cream o'the grape!  
That drop't from Luno's breasts, and sprung the Lilly!

## The New Inne.

I can recite your fables, *Fly*, Here is too,  
The blood of *Venus*, mother o'the Rose!

*Jor.* The dinner is gone vp. *Jug.* I heare the whistles,

*Jor.* I, and the fiddlers: We must all goe waite,

*Pci.* Pox o'this waiting, Quarter Master, *Fly*.

*Fly.* When Chambermaids are soucraignes, waite the

*Fly* scornes to breath. *Pec.* or blow vpon thē, he. (Latin)

*Pci.* Old Parcel Peck! Art thou there? how now?

*Pec.* Yes faith: it is ill halting afore criples,  
I ha' got a dash of a lade, here, will stick by me.

*Pci.* O you haue had some phant'sie, fellow *Pec.*

Some reuolation—*Pec.* What? *Pci.* To steale the hay,

Out o'the racks againe: *Fly.* I told him so,

When the gheſt backs were turn'd. *Pci.* Or bring him

The bottome vpwards, heap'd with oates; and cry,

Here's the best measure vpon all the roade! when

You know the gheſt, put in his hand, to ſeele,

And ſmell to the oates, that grated all his fingers

Vpo'the wood—*Pec.* Mum! *Pci.* And ſoud out your ob-

*Pec.* I ha'bin i'the cellar, *Peciree.* *Pci.* You were thi-

Vpo' your knees; I doe remember it. *Pec.* I am i'the

To ha'the fact conceald. I could tell more,

Soping of saddles, cutting of horse tailes,

And cropping — pranks of ale, and hostely—

*Fly.* Which he cannot forget, he ſayes, yong Knight:

No more then you can other deeds of darkenesse,

Done i'the cellar. *Tsp.* Well ſaid, bold professor.

*Fer.* We ſhall ha' ſome truth explain'd. *Pci.* We caſtall

And haue our viſions. *Pec.* Truly it ſeemes to me

The

## The New Inne.

that every horse has his whole peck, and tumbles  
up to the eares in littour. *Fly.* When, indeed  
there's no such matter; not a smell of prouader.

*Fer.* Nor so much straw as would tie vp a horse-taile!

*Fly.* Nor any thing i' the rack, but two old cob-webs!  
and so much rotten hay, as had beeene a hens nest!

*Tru.* And yet he's euery apt to swape the mangers!

*Fer.* But puts in nothing. *Pri.* These are fits, and fancies,  
Which you must leave, good *Peck*. *Fly.* And you must  
may be reueal'd to you, at some-times, (pray  
Whose horse you ought to cosen; with what conscience;  
the how; and when; a Parsons horse may suffer —)

*Pri.* Who's master's double benefic'd; put in that.

*Fly.* A little greasing i' the teeth; 'tis wholesome  
and keepes him in a sober shuffle. *Pri.* His saddle too  
May want a stirrop. *Fly.* And, it may be sworne,  
His learning lay o' one side, and so broke it.

*Pri.* They have ever oates i' their cloake-bage, to affront

*Fly.* And therefore 'tis an office meritorious, (vs.  
To tick such soundly. *Pri.* And a graziers may.

*Fer.* O they are pinching puckfists! *Tru.* And suspicioous,

*Pri.* Suffer before the masters face, sometimes.

*Fly.* He shall thinke he sees his horse eat halfe a bushell,

*Pri.* When the slight is, rubbing his gummes with salt,

Till all the skin come off, he shall but mumble,

Like an old woman that were chewing brawnt,

And drop 'hem out againe. *Tip.* Well argued *Cavalier*,

*Fly.* It may doe well: and goe for an example:

But Collo, haue care of vnderstanding horses;

Horses with angry heeles, Nobility horses,

Horses

## The New Inne.

Horses that know the world, let them haue meat  
Till their teeth ake; and rubbing till their ribbes  
Shine like a wenches forehead; They are Diuels else  
Will looke into your dealings. *Pec.* For mincown per  
Thenext I cossen o'the pampered breed,  
I wish he may be found red. *Fli.* Foun-de-red,  
Prolate it right. *Pec.* And of all fourt, I wish it,  
I loue no crouper complements. *Pei.* Whose horse  
*Pec.* Why, M<sup>r</sup> Bursts. *Pei.* Is Bat Burst come?

*Pec.* An howre he has beene heere.

*Tip.* What Burst? *Pei.* Mas, Bartolmew Burst, son  
One that hath beene a Citizen, since a Courtier,  
And now a Gamester. Hath had all his whirles,  
And bouts of fortune, as a man would say,  
Once a Bat, and euer a Bat! a Rere-mouse,  
And Bird o' twilight, he has broken thrice.

*Tip.* Your better man, the Genoway Proverber, Men are not made of steele. *Pei.* Nor are they boyn Alwyayes to hold. *Fli.* Thrie honourable Colours Hinges will crack. *Tip.* Though they be Spanish  
*Pei.* He is a merchant still, Aduenturer, At in, and in; and is our thorough-fares friend.

*Tip.* Who? Ing? *Pei.* The same: and a fine gentleman Was with him! *Pec.* Mr Huffle. *Pei.* Who? Hodge Huffle. *Ti.* What's he? *Pei.* A cheater, & another fine gentleman A friend o' the Chamberlaynes! Jordans! Mr Huffle He is Burst's protection. *Fli.* Fights, and vapors for him

*Pei.* He will be drunk so ciuilly. *Fli.* So discreetly.

*Pei.* And punctually! just at his houre. *Fli.* And then

Call

## The New Jane.

Call for his Jordan, with that bum and slate,  
As if he piss'd the Politique! Pei. And sup  
With his tuft-taffata night-geere, heere, so silently!  
*Fle.* Nothing but Musique! Pei. A dozen of bawdy songs.  
*Tip.* And knowes the Generall this EAO no, S<sup>r</sup>. *Dormis*,  
*Dormit Petramu*, still, the master sleepes.  
They'll steale to bed. Pei. In private Sir, and pay,  
The Fidlers with that modesty, next morning.

*Fle.* Take a disfurne of muscadell, and eggcs! (*Gipsies*)  
*Pei.* And packe away i their stundling cheats, like  
*Tru.* Mysteries, mysteries, Ferret. Fer. I we see, *Tru.*  
What the great Officers, in an Ione may doe; (*de*,  
I doe not say the Officers of the Crowne  
But the light heart. *Tip.* I'lc see the Bar, and Huffe.  
*Fer.* I ha' some busines Sir, I crave your pardon—  
*Tip.* What? *Fer.* To be sober. *Tip.* Pox, goe get you  
(gone then.)

*Trundle* shall stay. *Tip.* No, I beseech you Colonel,  
Your Lordship ha's a minde to bee drunke private,  
With these brasse Gallants; I will step aside  
Into the stibby, and siluer my Mases.  
*Pei.* Yes doe: and sleepe with them, let him go-base  
(whip-stocke.)

Hee's as drunke as a fish now, almost as dead.

*Tip.* Come, I will see the flicket mouse, my Flie!

E

ACT

# The New Inne.

## Act 3. Scene 2.

Prudence usher'd by the Host, takes her seat of Judicature, Nurse, Frauke, the two Lords Bonfert, and Latimer, assist of the Bench : The Lady and Lovel are brought in, and sit on the two sides of the stage; confronting each other.

Ferret. Trundle.

Pr. Here set the hower ; but first produce the par. And cleere the court. The time is now at pice.

Hof. Ing, get you down, and Trundle get you vp, You shall be Crier. Ferret here, the Clerk. Jordan, smell you without, till the Ladies call you, Take dovene the Fidlers too, silence that hoysc, Deepe, i'the cellar, safe, Pr. Who keepest the watch ! Old Sheelin in heere, is the Madame. Tel-clock.

Nur. No fait and trot, sweet Maister, I shall sleep, I fait, I shall. Be. I pr'y thee, doe then, Schwick. Only She brings to mind the fable o'the Dragon, That kept the Hesperian fruit. Would I could channe

Hof. Trundle will do it with his buns. Come Trundle Precede hym Ferret, i'the forme.

# The New Inne.

Fer. Oyez, oyez, oyez.	Tru. Oyez, &c.
Whereas there hath beeene awarded,	Whereas, &c.
By the Queene Regent of Loue,	By the Qu. &c.
In this high court of soueraignty,	In this high, &c.
Two speciall howers of addresse,	Two speciaall, &c
To Herebert Lovel, appellant,	To Herebert, &c.
Against the Lady Frampus, defendant	Against the, &c.
Herebert Lovel, Come into the Court.	Herebert Lov. &c.
Make challenge to thy first hower,	Make, &c.
And saue thee, and thy bayle.	And saue, &c.

Hof. Loue, louting where he comes into the Court!

Clarke of the souraignty take his appearance.

And how accoured, how design'd he comes!

Fer. Tis done. Now Crier, call the Lady Frampus,

And by the name of,

Francis, Lady Frampus, defendant,	Tru. Francis, &c.
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Come into the Court,

Make answer to the award,

And saue thee, and thy bayle.	And saue thee, &c.
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Hof. Enter Lady

Hof. She makes a noble, and a just appearance.

Set it downe likewise, and how armd she comes.

Fru. Vsher of Loues Court, giue hem their oath.

According to the forme, vpon Loue's Missal.

Hof. Arise, and lay your hands, vpon the Booke.

Herebert Lovel Appellant, and Lady Frances Frampus, Defendant, you shall sweare vpon the Liturgie of Loue, *Ouid de arte amandi*, that you neither haue, ne will haue, nor in any w<sup>t</sup> se beare about you, thing, or things, pointed, or bluns, within these lds, other then what

## The New Inne.

what are naturall, and allow'd by the Court : No in-  
chanted Armes, or weapons, Stones of vertue, Herb,  
of Grace, Charme, Character, Spel, Philtre, or other  
power, then *Loue* only, and the iustnesse of your cause.  
So helpe you Loue, his Mother, and the contents of this  
Booke: Kisse it. Returne vnto your seats. Crier bid si-  
lence,

*Tru. Oyez. Oyez. Oyez.*

*Fe.* I' the name o' the Soueraigne of *Loue* *Tru.* I' the &c.  
Notice is giuen by the Court, Notice is &c.  
To the Appellant, and Defendant, To the Ap &c,  
That the first houre of addresse proceeds. That the &c.  
And *Loue* sauç the Soueraigne. And loue &c.  
*Tru.* Euery man, or woman keep silence paine of impri-  
*Prn.* Do your endeouours, in the name of *Loue*, (sonuent,  
*Lov.* To make my first approaches, then, in loue.

*Lad.* Tell vs what *Loue* is, that we may be sure  
There's such a thing, and that it is in nature.

*Lov.* Excellent Lady, I did not expect  
To meet an Infidell! much lesse an Atneist!  
Here in *Loue*'s lists! of so much vnbeleefe!  
To raise a question of his being—*Hof.* Well charg'd!

*Lov.* I rather thought, and, with religion, thinke,  
Had all the character of loue beene lost,  
His lines, demensions, and whole signature  
Raz'd, and defac'd, with dull humanity:  
That both his nature, and his essence might  
Haue found their mighty instauration here,  
Here where the confluence of faire, and good,  
Meets to make vp all beauty. For, what else

## The New Inne.

Is Loue, but the most noble, pure affection  
Of what is truly beautifull, and faire?  
Desire of vniion with the thing belou'd?

(Beau.) Haue the assistants of the Court their votes,  
And writ of priuiledge, to speake them freely?

Prue. Yes, to assist; but not to interrupt.

Beau. Then I haue read somwhere, that man and woman  
Were, in the first creation, both one picce,  
And being cleft asunder, euer since,  
Loue was an appetite to be reioyn'd.  
As for example— Nor. Cramps-cree! what meansh' tou?

Beau. Only, to kisse, and part. Hof. So much is law-  
(full.

Lau. And stands with the prerogatiue of loues Court!

Lov. It is a fable of Plato's, in his Banquet,  
And vtter'd, there, by Aristophanes.

Hof. T'was well remembred here, and to good vse.)  
But on with your description, what Loue is.  
Desire of vniion with the thing belou'd.

Lov. I meant a definition. For I make  
The efficient cause, what's beautifull, and faire,  
The formall cause, the appetite of vniion.  
The finall cause, the vniion it selfe.  
But larger, if you'll haue it, by description,  
It is a flame, and ardor of the minde,  
Dead, in the proper corps, quick in anothers:  
Trans-ferres the Louer into the Loued.  
The he, or she, that loues, engraves, or stamps,  
Th'Idea of what they loue, first in themselves:  
Or, like to glasses, so their mindes take in

## The New Inne.

The formes of their belou'd, and them reflect,  
It is the likenesse of effections,  
Is both the parent, and the nurse of loue.  
Loue is a spirituall coupling of two soules,  
So much more excellent, as it least relates  
Unto the body; circular, eternall;  
Not fain'd, or made, but borne: And then, so precious,  
As nought can value it, but it selfe. So free,  
As nothing can command it, but it selfe.  
And in it selfe, so round, and liberall,  
As where it faours, it bestowes it selfe.

(Bra. And, that doe I; here my whole selfe, I tender,  
According to the practise o'the Court.

Nar. I'f i' th' a naughty practish, a lewd practish,  
Be quiet man, dou shal not leip her, here.

Bra. Leape her? I'f i' th' a foolish Queene at Armes,  
Thy blazon's false: wilt thou blasphemē thine office?)

Lov. But, we must take, and understand this loue  
Along still, as a name of digniry; Not pleasure. (Hof. Mark you that, my light yong Lord?)

Lov. True loue hath no vnworthy thought, no light,  
Loose, vn-becoming appetite, or straine,  
But fixed, constant, pure, immutable.

(Bra. I relish not these philosophicall feasts;  
Give me a banquet o'sense, like that of Ovid:  
A forme, to take the eye; a voyce, mine eare;  
Pure aromatiques, to my sent; a soft,  
Smooth, deincty hand, to touch; and, for my taste,  
Ambrosiaick killes, to melt downe the palat.)

Lov. They are the earthly, lower forme of flouts,

Arc

## The New Inne.

Are only taken with what strikes the sensē to low b.  
And loue by that loose scale. Although I grant,  
We like, what's faire and gracefull in an obiect  
And (true) would vse it, in the all we tend to,  
Both of our ciuill, and domestick deedes.  
In ordering of an army, in our style,  
Apparell, gesture, building, or what not?  
All arts, and actions doe affect their beauty.  
But put the case, in trauayle I may meet  
Some gorgeous Structure, a brave Frontispice,  
Shall I stay captiue i' the outer court,  
Surpris'd with that, and not aduance to know  
Who dwels there, and inhabith the houſe?  
There is my friendſhip to be made, within,  
With what can loue me againe: not, with the walles,  
Dores, windo'res, architraves, the frieze, and coronice.  
My end is lost in louing of a face,  
An eye, lip, nose, hand, foot, or other part,  
Whose all is but a ſtatuſ, if the mind  
Move not, which only can make the returne.  
The end of loue is, to haue two made one  
In will, and in affection, that the minde  
Be first inoculated, not the bodies.

*Bea.* Gi' me the body, if it be a good one. (raigne)

*Fra.* Nay, sweet my Lord, I muſt appeal the Soue-  
For better quarter; If you hold your practiſes of nō  
*Tru.* Silence, paine of imprisonment: Hearre the Court.

*Lov.* The bodyes loue is fraile, ſubject to change,  
And alter ſtill, with it. The minde is firme,  
One, and the ſame, proceedeth firſt, from weighing,

## The New Inne.

And well examining, what is faire, and good;  
Then, what is like in reason, fit in manners;  
That breeds good will: good will desire of vniion.  
So knowledge first, begets benevolence,  
Benevolence breeds friendship, friendship loue.  
And where it starts or sleps aside from this,  
It is a mere degenerous appetite,  
A lost, oblique, deprav'd affection,  
And beares no marke, or character of Loue.

Lad. How am I changed! By what alchimy  
Of loue, or language, am I thus translated?  
His tongue is tip'd with the Philosophers stone,  
And that hath touch'd me through every vaine:  
I feele that transmutation o' my blood,  
As I were quite become another creature,  
And all he speakes, it is protection!

Pru. Well fain'd, my Lady: now her parts begin!  
Let. And she will act 'hem subtilly. Pru. She fails me nill.  
Lou. Nor doe they trespass within bounds of pardon,  
That giuing way, and licence to their loue,  
Di-uest him of his noblest ornaments,  
Which are his modesty, and shamefac'tuſſe:  
And so they doe, that haue vnfie designes,  
Upon the parties, they pretend to loue.  
For, what's more monstrous, more a prodigie,  
Then to heare the protest truth of affection  
Vnto a person that I would dishonor?  
And what's a more dishonor, then defacing  
Anothers good, with forfeiting mine owne?  
And drawing on a fellowship of loue;

From

## The New Inne.

From note of which, though (for a while) we may  
Be both kept safe; by caution, yet the conscience  
Cannot be cleansid. For what was hitherto  
Cal'd by the name of loue, becomes destroyd in just I  
Then, with the fact: the innocency lost,  
The baiting of affection soone will follow:  
And Loue is neuer true, that is not lasting.  
No more then any can be pure, or perfect,  
That entertaines more then one obiect. *Dixi.*

*Lad.* O speake, and speake for ever! let min' care  
Be feasted still, and filled with this banquet!  
No sense can ever surfeet on such truth!  
It is the marrow of all louers tenents!  
Who hath read *Plato*, *Heliodore*, or *Tatius*,  
*Sydney*, *D'Urfe*, or all Loues Fathers, like him?  
He, is there the Master of the Sentences,  
Their Schoole, their Commentary, Text, and Glosse,  
And breathes the true divinity of Loue!

*Pru.* Excellent actor! how she hits this passion!

*Lad.* Where haue I liuid, in heretic; so long  
Out o'the Congregation of Loue,  
And stood irregular, by all his Canons? straignt,  
*Lad.* But doe you thinke she playest *Pru.* vpon my Soule?  
Marke her anono. *Lad.* I shake, and am halfe iculous.

*Lad.* What penance shall I doe, to be reconcil'd,  
And reconcil'd, to the Church of Loue?  
Goe on procession, bare-foot, to his Image,  
And say some hundred penitentiall veres,  
There, out of *Chaucer's Traiws*, and *Creffidet*.  
Or to his mothers shrine, vow a Waxe-candle

## The New Inne;

As large as the Towne May-pole is, and pay it to me more  
Enioyne me any thing this Court thinks fit,  
For I haue trespass'd, and blasphem'd Loue.  
I haue, indeed, despis'd his Deity,  
Whom (till this miracle wrought on me) I knew not:  
Now I adore Loue, and would kisse the rushes  
That beare this reverend Gentleman, his Priest,  
If that would expiate— but, I feare it will not.  
For, tho' he be somewhat strooke in yeares, and old  
Enough to be my father, he is wise,  
And onely wise men loue, the other couet.  
I could begin to be in loue with him,  
But will not tell him yet, because I hope  
To enjoy the other houre, with more delights,  
And prouchim farther. *Prs.* Most Seruick Lady,  
Or, if you will Ironick! gi' you ioy  
O' you Platenick loue here, M' Lovel.  
But pay him his first kisse, yet, i'the Court,  
Which is a debt, and due: For the houre's run.

*Lad.* How swift is time, and slyly steales away  
From them would hug it, value it, embrace it?  
I should haue thought it scarce had run ten minutes,  
When the whole houre is fled. Here, take your kisse, Sir,  
Which I most willing tender you, in Court.

(*Bea.* And we doe imitate—) *Lad.* And I could wish,  
It had bene twenty— so the Soueraignes  
Poore narrow nature had decreed it so—  
But that is past, irrevocable, now:  
She did her kind, according to her latitude—

*Prs.* Beware, you doe nor coniurc y<sup>t</sup>p a spiriti d<sup>r</sup> o<sup>r</sup> You

# The New Inne.

You cannot lay. Lad. I dare you, doe your worst,  
Shew me but such an iniustice : I would thanke you  
To alter your award! Lass. Sure she is serious!  
I shall haue another fit of iealousie!

I shall have another fit of realoulc.  
I feele a grudging! Hoſt Cheare vp, noble gheſt,  
We cannot gueſſe what this may come to, yet;  
The braine of man, or woman, is vncertainte!  
The ſtate diuine! All is personated,

The braine of man, or woman, is the  
Low. Tis, she dissembles! All is personated,  
And counterfeit comes from her! If it were not,  
The Spanish Monarchy, with both the Indies,  
Could not buy off the treasure of this kisse,  
Or halfe giue balance for my happynesse,  
Herr. Why, as it is yct, it glads my light Heart  
To see you rouz'd thus from a sleepy humor,  
Of drouzy, accidentall melancholy;  
And all those braue parts of your soule awake,  
That did before seeme drown'd, and buried in you!  
That you expresse your selfe, as you had back'd  
The Muses Horse? or got Bellerophons armes?  
What newes with Fly? Fly. Newes, of a newer Lady,  
A finer, fresher, brauer, bonnier beauty,  
A very bona-Robe, and a Bouncer!  
In yeallow, glistering, golden Satten. Lad. Pra,  
Adiourne the Court. Pra. Cry Truitle - Tru. Oycz,  
Any man, or woman, that hath any personal attendance  
To giue vnto the Court; Keepe the second houre,  
And loue saue the Soutaigne.

**Bar And Bistro Acosta Dining! Inc. A Mexican Restaurant**

bnaA

The New Inn.

Act 4. Scene I.

Jug. Barnabo. Jordan.

(thou barn)

O Barnabe ! Ior. Welcome Barnabe ! Where art  
Bar. I'the foule weather. Jug. Which has wch thee, Bar.  
Bar. As drie as a chip ! Good Jug, a cast o' thy name,  
As well asthy office ; two iugget ! Jug. By, and by,

Ior. What Lady's this thou hast brought here ? Bar.

(great Lady)

I know no more : one, that will trie you, Jordan. blue  
She'll finde your gage, your circle, your capacity. 10  
How do's old Staggers the Smith, and Tres, the Saddler ?  
Keep they their peny-club, stil ? Ior. And th'old catch too,  
Of whoop Barnaby. Bar. Doe they sing at me ?

Ior. They're reeling at it, in the parlour, now. baA

Bar. He to 'hem : Gi' mee a drinke first. Ior. Whos

Bar. I lost it by the way — Gi' me another. (thy hat)  
Jug. A hat ? Bar. A drinke. Jug. Take heed of taking

Bar. The wind blew't off at High-gate, and my Lady  
Would not endure mee, light, to take it up, (cold, Ban-  
But made mee driue bare-headed if the raine, well)

Ior. That she might be mistaken for a Countesse !

Bar. Troth, like enough ! She might be an o're-grown

Dutchess, (Countess, Kynge or Count of Dutchess)  
For ought I know. Jug. What ! with one man ? Bar. At

(time)

They care no more, the best of hem. Ior. Nor the bravest.  
Bar. And she is very braue ! Ior. A stately gewne !

And

## The New Inn.

And paticote, she has on! Bar. Ha you spi'd that, 'Jordan?  
You are a notable peeter, an old Rabbi,  
At a smocks hem, boy. Ing. As he is Chamberlaine,  
He may doe that, by his place. Ior. What's her Squire?

Bar. A toy, that she allowes eight pence a day.

A slight Man-a-ct, to pent her, up, and downe.

Come shew me to my play-fellowes, old Stagger,

And father Tree. Ior. Here, this way, Barnabo.

### Act 4. Scene 2.

Tipto. Burf. Huffle. Fly.

Come, kevvs take in fresco, here, one quart.

Bur. Two quarts, my man of war, let vs not be stinted.

Huf. Aduaunce three iordan, varlet o'the house.

Tip. I do not like your Burf, Bird; He is sawcy:

Some Shop-keeper he was? Fly. Yes, Sir. Tip. I knew it.

A broke-wing'd Shop-keeper? I nose hem, st freight.

He had no Father, I warrant him, that durst own him;

Some foundling in a stall, or the Church porch;

Brought vp it he Hospital; and so bound Prentise;

Then Master of a shop, then one o'th Inquest;

Then breakes out Bankrupt, or starts Alderman:

The originall of both is a Church-porch—

Fly. Of some, my Colonel. Tip. Good fayth, of molt!

O' your shop Citizens, th'are ruda Animals!

And Ic'hem ger but gen smile out a towne

Th'out swagger all the wapon-take. Fly. What's that?

Tip.

The New Inne.

Tip. A Saxon word, to signify the hundred, in health

Bur. Come let vs drinke, Sir Glorius, some bray  
Upon our tip-toes. Tip. To the health o'the Burf.

Bu. Why Burfs? Ti. Why Tip's? Bu. O' I cry you merci!

Tip. It is sufficient. Huf. What is so sufficient? (term)

Tip. To drinke to you is sufficient. Huf. On what

Tip. That you shall giue security to pledge me.

Huf. So you will name no Spaniard, I will pledge you.

Tip. I rather choose to thirst: and will thirst ever,

Then leaue that creame of nations, vn-cry'd vp.

Perish all wine, and gust of wine. Huf. How spill it?

Spill it at me? Tip. I wrck not, but I spilt it. (mord,

F4. Nay pray you be quiet, noble bloods. Bur. No Spa-

I crie, with my coslen Huffe. Huf. Spaniards? Pitcher

Tip. Do not prouoke my patient blade. It sleep's,

And would not heare thee: Huffe, thou art rude,

And dost not know the Spaniſh composition,

Bur. What is the Recipe? Name the ingredients,

Tip. Valor, Bur. Two ounces! Tip. Prudence, Bur. Hal-

(dram), mad' son! Spaniſh-gore b' shiw. (a dram)

Tip. Justice. Bur. A penny weight! Tip. Religion,

Bur. Three scruples! Tip. And of granade'd Bur. A fact

Tip. He carries such a dose of it in his looke's, (full)

Actions, and gestures, as it breeds respect,

To him, from Saragor, and reputation,

With all the sonnes of men, Bur. Will it give him credit

With Gamesters, Courtiers, Citizens, or Tradesmen?

Tip. He'll borrow money on the stroke of his beard!

Or turne off his Mustaccio! His meere cuell,

Or Ruffe about his necke is a Bill of Exchange

# The New Inne.

In any Banke, in Europe ! Not a Marchant  
That sees his gate, but straighte will furnish him  
Vpon his pale ! Huf. I haue heard the Spanish name  
Is terrible, to children in some Countries ; w  
And vs'd to make them eat their bread and butter :  
Or take their worm-seed. Tip. Huffle, you doe shuffler  
so them : Sonffe, Pinnacia.

Bur. Slid heers a Lady ! Huf. And a Lady gay !  
Tip. A well-trimm'd Lady ! Huf. Lett's lay her a boord.  
Bur. Lett's haile her first. Tip. By your sweet fauour,

(Lady,

Sir. Good Gentlemen be ciuill, we are strangers.

Bur. And you were Flemings, Sir ! Huf. Or Spaniards !

Tip. They are here, haue beeene at Semil i'their dayes,  
And at Madrid too ! Pin. He is a foolish fellow,  
I pray you minde him not, He is nay Protection.

Tip. In your protection, he is safe, sweet Lady.  
So shall you be, in mine. Huf. A share, good Coronell.

Tip. Of what ? Huf. Of your sinc Lady ! I am Hodge,  
My name is Huffle. Tip. Huffling Hodge, be quiet.

Bur. And I pray you, be you so, Gloriam Coronel,  
Hodge Huffle shall be quiet. Huf. A Lady gay, gay.  
For she is a Lady gay, gay, gay. For the's a Lady gay.

Tip. Bird o'the Kessers, Vespertilio, Burst,  
You are a Gentleman, o' the first head,  
But that head may be broke, as all the Body is —  
Burst, if you tie not vp your Huffle, quickly. (be still.

Huf. Tie dogs, not man. Bur. Nay pray thee, Hodge,

Tip. This steele here rides not, on this thigh, in vainc.  
Huf. Shew'st thou thy steele, & thigh, thou gloria Dirr,

Then

*The New Inne.*

Then Hodge sings Sampson, and no ties shall hold.  
— Peirce. Ing. Iordan. {To them, and asl

Poi. Keefe the peace gentlemen: what did you say?  
Tsp. I will not discompose my selfe, for Huffle.

Pin. You see what your entreaty, and pressure will  
Of gentlemen, to be ciuill, doth bring on? A quarrell? and perhaps man-slaughter? You  
Will carry your goode about you, still your plaining iron  
Your tongue to smooth all: is not here fine fluffe? that

Sin. Why wife? Pin. Your wife? ha not I forbiden you  
Doe you think I'll call you husband i'this gowne,  
Or any thing, in that iacket, but Protection?

Here lie my shooe; and shew my vellute petticoate,  
And my silke stocking! why doe you make me a lady,  
If I may not doe like a Lady, in fine clothes.

Sin. Sweet heart, you may doe what you will, with me.  
Pin. I; I knew that at home; what to doe with you;

But why was I brought hither? to see fashions?

Sin. And weare them too, sweet heart, but this wild  
Company.

Pin. Why doe you bring me in wild Company?  
You'd ha' me tame, and ciuill, in wild Company?  
I hope I know, wild Company are fine Company,  
And in fine Company, where I am fine myself,  
A Lady may doe any thing, deny nothing  
To a fine party, I have heard you say'.

To them Peirce.

Poi. There are a Company of Ladies aboue  
Desire your Ladiships Company, and to take  
The surcy of their lodgings, from the affront

## The new Inne.

Of these halfe-beasts, were heere een now, the *Centaures*,  
*Pin.* Are they fine Ladies? *Poi.* Some very fine Ladies.  
*Pin.* As fine as we *Poi.* I dare vse no comparisons,  
Being a seruant, servr—*Pin.* Spoke, like a fine fellow!  
I would thou werst one; I'de not then deny thee:  
But, thank thy Lady.

To them *Host.*

*Host.* Madam, I must craue you  
To afford a Lady a visit, would excuse  
Some harshnesse o'the house, you haue receiu'd  
From the brute ghests. *Pin.* This's a fine old man!  
I'd goe with him an' he were a little finer!  
*Sir.* You may sweet heart, it is mine *Host.* *Pin.* mine *Host!*  
*Host.* Yes madame, I must bid you welcom. *Pin.* Do then.  
*Sir.* But doe not stay. *Pin.* I'll be aduit'd by you, yes!

## Act 4. Scene. 3.

To them *Latimer.* *Beaufort.* *Lady.* *Pru.* *Frank.*  
*Host.* *Pinnacia.* *Sturfe.*

What more then Thracian Barbarisme was this!

*Bea.* The battayle o'the *Centaures*, with the *Lapithes*!  
*Lad.* There is no taming o'the Monster drinke.  
*Lat.* But what a glorious beast our *Tipto* shew'd!  
He would not discompose himselfe, the *Don*!  
Your Spaniard, nere, doth discompose himselfe.  
*Bea.* Yet, how he talkt, and ror'd i'the beginning?  
*Pru.* And ran as fast, as a knock'd Marrobone.

F

*Bea.*

## The New Inne.

*Bea.* So they did all at last, when Lovel went downe,  
And chas'd hem bout the Court. *Lar.* For all's Done  
Or fencing after Euclide! *Lad.* I never saw (Lovers)  
A lightning shoot so, as my servant did,  
His rapier was a Meteor, and he wau'd it  
Ouer 'hem, like a Comet! as they fled him!  
I mark'd his manhood! euery stoope he made  
Was like an Eagles, at a flight of Cranes!  
(As I haue read somewhere.) *Bea.* Brauely express'd:

*Lar.* And like a Lover! *Lad.* Of his valour, I am!  
He seem'd a body, ratifi'd, to syre!  
Or that his sword, and arme were of a peece,  
They went together so! Here, comes the Lady.

*Bea.* A bouncing Bona-roba! as the Flie sayd.

*Fra.* She is some Giantesse! I'll stand off,  
For feare she swallow me. *La.* Is not this our Gown, *Pru.*  
That I bespoke of Stuffs? *Pru.* It is the fashion!

*Lad.* I, and the Silke! Feele, sure it is the same!

*Pru.* And the same Peticote, lace, and all! *Lad.* I'll sweare  
How came it hither? make a bill of inquiry. (Sir)

*Pru.* Yo'haue a fine suite on, Madam! and a rich one!

*Lad.* And of a curious making! *Pru.* And a new!

*Pin.* As new, as Day. *Lar.* She answers like a fish-wife,

*Pin.* I put it on, since Noone, I do assure you.

*Pru.* Who is your Taylor? *Lad.* 'Pray you, your

(Fashioners name)

*Pin.* My Fashioner is a certaine man o' mine owne,  
He is i'the house: no matter for his name.

*Hest.* O, but to satisfie this bevy of Ladies:  
Of which a brace, here, long'd to bid you well-come

*Pin.*

## The new Inne.

Pin. He is one, in truth, I title my Protection :

Bid him come vp. Host. Our new Ladies Protection !  
What is your Ladiships stile ? Pin. Countesse Pinnacia.

Host. Countesse Pinnacias man, come to your Lady.

Prn. Your Ladiships Taylor ! mas, Stiffe ! Lad. How  
(Stiffe)

He the Protection ! H.s. Stiffe lookes like a remnant.

Stu. I am vndone, discouerd ! Prn. Tis the suit, Ma-  
(dame,

Now, without scruple ! and this, some devise  
To bring it home with. Pin. Why, vpon your knees ?  
Is this your Lady Godmother ? Stu. Mum, Pinnacia.  
It is the Lady Frampol : my best customer.

Lad. What shew is this, that you present vs with ?

Stu. I doe beseech your Ladiship, forgive me.  
She did but say the suit on. Lad. Who ? Which she ?

Stu. My wife forsooth. Lad. How ? Mistresse Stiffe ?  
(Your wife !

Is that the riddle ? Prn. We all look'd for a Lady,  
A Dutchesse, or a Countesse at the least.

Stu. She is my owne lawfully begotten wifc,  
In wedlocke. We haue bee ne coupled now scuen yeares.

Lad. And why thus mas'qd ? You like a footman, ha !  
And she your Countesse ! Pin. To make a foole of him.

And of me too : Stu. I pray thee, Pinnace, peace, (selfe

Pin. Nay it shall out, since you haue calld me wifc,  
And openly dis-Ladied me ! though I am dis-Countess'd

I am not yet dis-countenanc'd. These shall see. Host. Si-

Pr. It is a foolish tricke Madame, he has ; (lence !

For though he be your Taylour, he is my beast.

## The New Inne.

I may be bold with him, and tell his story.  
When he makes any fine garment will fit me,  
Or any rich thing that he thinkes of price,  
Then must I put it on, and be his Countesse,  
Before he carry it home vnto the owners:  
A coach is hir'd, and foure horse, he runnes  
In his veluet lackat thus, to Rumsford, Croydon,  
Hounslow, or Barnet, the next bawdy road:  
And takes me out, carries me vp, and throw's me  
Vpon a bed. *Lad.* Peace thou immodest woman:  
She glories in the brauery o'the vice.

*Lad.* Tis a quaint one! *Bea.* A fine species,  
Of fornicating with a mans owne wife,  
Found out by (what's his name?) *Lad.* M<sup>r</sup> Nic. Sauff!

*Hoff.* The very figure of preoccupation  
In all his customers best clothes. *Lad.* He lies  
With his owne Succuba, in all your names.

*Bea.* And all your credits. *Hoff.* I, and at all their calls:

*Lad.* This gown was then bespoken, for the *Sovereign*.

*Bea.* I marry was it. *Lad.* And a maine offence,  
Committed 'gainst the *souerainy*: being not brought  
Home i'the time. Beside, the prophanation,  
Which may call on the censure of the Court. (Mr.

*Hoff.* Let him be blanketed. Call vp the Quarter-m<sup>s</sup>-  
Deliuer him ore, to *Flie.* *Sru.* O good my Lord.

*Hoff.* Pillage the Pinnace. *Lad.* Let his wife be stript:  
*Bea.* Blow off her vpper deck. *Lad.* Tearc all her tackle.

*Lad.* Pluck the polluted robes ouer her carcs;  
Or cut them all to picces, make a fire o' them:

*Pru.* To rags, and cinders, burn ch'idolatrous vesture.

*Hoff.*

## The New Inne.

Hof. Flie, &c your fellowes, see that the whole censure  
Be throughly executed. Fly. Weel tosse him, brauely.  
Till the stiffe stinke againe. Hof. And send her home,  
Diuised to her flanell, in a cart.

Lar. And let her Footman beat the bason afore her.

Fly. The Court shal be obeird. Hof. Fly, & his officeis  
Will doe it fiercely. Stu. Mercifull queene Prn.

Pru. I cannot help you. Bea. Go thy wayes Nic. Stuffe,  
Thou haft nickt it for a fashioner of Venerie!

Lar. For his owne hell though he run ten mile for't.

Pru. O here comes Lovel, for his second houre.

Bea. And after him, the tipe of Spanish valour.

## Act 4. Scene 4.

Lady. Lovel. Tipto. Latimer. Beaufort. Pru.

Franke. Nurse. Hofst.

Seruant, what haue you there? Lov. A meditation,  
Or rather a vision, Madam, and of Beauty  
Our former subiect. Lad. Pray you let vs heare it.

Lov. It was a beauty that I saw  
So pure, so perfect, as the frame  
Of all the uniuorse was lame,  
To that one figure could I draw,  
Or gime least line of it a law!

A skeine of silke without a knot!  
A faire march made without a balt!  
A curious forme without a fawlt!

## The New Inne.

A printed booke without a blos.  
All beauty, and without a spot.

*Lad.* They are gentle words, and would deserve a note,  
Set to 'hem, as gentle. *Lov.* I haue tri'd my skill.  
To close the second houre, if you will heare them,  
My boy by that time will haue got it perfect.

*Lad.* Yes, gentle seruant. In what calme he speakes,  
After this noise, and tumult, so vnumou'd,  
With that serenity of countenance,  
As if his thoughts did acquiesce in that  
Which is the obiect of the second houre,  
And nothing else. *Pru.* Well then summon the Court.

*Lad.* I haue a lute to the Soueraigne of loue,  
If it may stand with the honour of the Court,  
To change the question but from loue, to valour,  
To heare, it said, but, what true valour is,  
Which oft begets true loue. *Lor.* It is a question  
Fit for the Court, to take true knowledge of,  
And hath my iust assent. *Pru.* Content. *Bes.* Content.

*Fra.* Content. I am content, giue him his oath.

*Hof.* Hereber特 Lovel, Thou shalt swaue vpon the testa-  
ment of loue, To make answer to this question pro-  
pounded to thee by the Court, What true valour is.  
And therein to tell the truth, the whole truth, and no-  
thing but the truth. So help thee loue, and thy bright  
sword at need.

*Lov.* So help me loue and my good sword at need,  
It is the greatest vertue, and the safety  
Of all mankinde, the obiect of it is danger.  
A certayne meane 'twixt feare, and confidence:

## The New Inne.

No inconsiderate rashnesse, or vaine appetite  
Of false encountring formidable things ;  
But a true science of distinguishing  
What's good or euill. It springs out of reason,  
And tends to perfect honesty, the scope  
Is always honour, and the publique good:  
It is no valour for a priuate cause.

*Bes.* No? not for reputation? *Lov.* That's mans Idoll,  
Set vp 'gainst God, the maker of all lawes,  
Who hath commanded vs we should not kill ;  
And yet we say, we must for reputation.  
What honest man can either feare his owne,  
Or else will hurt anothers reputation ?  
Fearre to doe base, vnworthy things, is valour,  
If they be done to vs, to suffer them,  
Is valour too. The office of a man  
Thats truly valiant, is considerable  
Three wayes : The first is in respect of matter,  
Which still is danger; in respect of forme,  
Wherein he must preserue his dignity ;  
And in the end, which must be ever lawfull,

*Lat.* But men, when they are heated, and in passion,  
Cannot consider. *Lov.* Then it is not valour.  
I never thought an angry person valiant:  
Vertue is never ayded by a vice.  
What need is there of anger, and of tumult?  
When reason can doe the same things, or more?

*Bes.* O yes, 'tis profitable, and of vse,  
It makes vs fierce, and fit to vndertake.

*Lov.* Why so will drink make vs both bold, and rash.

## *The New Inne.*

Or phrensic if you will, doe these make valiant?  
They are poore helps, and vertue needs them not.  
No man is valianter by being angry,  
But he that could not valiant be without:  
So, that it comes not in the aid of vertue,  
But in the stead of it. *Lor.* He holds the right,

*Lor.* And 'tis an odious kinde of remedy,  
To owe our health to a disease. *Tip.* If man  
Should follow the *disslemen* of his passion,  
He could not scape — *Bea.* To discompose himselfe.

*Lor.* According to *Don Lewis!* *Host.* Or *Caranza!*  
*Lor.* Good Colonel Gloriouſ, whilſt we treat of valour,  
Dismiss your ſelfe. *Lor.* You are not concern'd. *Lor.* Go  
And congregate the Hostlers, and the Taplers, (drink,  
The vnder-officers o' your regiment;  
Compose with them, and be not angry valiant!

*Tipto goes out.*

*Bea.* How do's that differ from true valour? *Lor.* Thus.  
In the *efficient*, or that which makes it,  
For it proceeds from passion, not from judgement:  
Then brute beaſts haue it, wicked persons, there  
It differs in the *subject*: in the *forme*,  
'Tis carried rashly, and with violence:  
Then i' the *end*, where it respects not truth,  
Or publicke honesty; but mere revenge.  
Now confident, and vndertaking valour,  
Swayes from the true, two other wayes; as being  
A trust in our owne faculties, ſkill, or strength,  
And not the right, or conſcience o' the *cause*,

*That*

## The New Inne.

That workes it: Then i'the end, which is the victory,  
And not the honour. *Bes.* But the ignorant valour  
That knowes not why it undertakes, but doth it  
T'escape the infamy merely—*Lov.* Is worst of all:  
That valour lies, i'the eyes o'the lookers on;  
And is cal'd valour with a witnesse. *Bes.* Rights  
*Lov.* The things true valour is exercis'd about,  
Are pouerty, restraint, captiuity,  
Banishment, losse of children, long disease:  
The least is death. Here valour is beheld,  
Properly seene; about these it is present:  
Not triuall things, which but require our confidence.  
And, yet to those, we must obieet our selues,  
Only for honesty: if any other  
Respect be mixt, we quite put out her light.  
And as all knowledge, when it is remou'd  
Or separate from justice, is cal'd craft,  
Rather then wisdome: so a minde affecting,  
Or vndertaking dangers, for ambition,  
Or any selfe pretext, not for the publique,  
Deserves the name of daring, not of valour.  
And ouer-daring is as great a vice,  
As ouer-fearing. *Lat.* Yes, and often greater.

*Lov.* But as is not the mere punishment,  
But cause that makes a martyr, so it is not  
Fighting, or dyng; hut the manner of it  
Renders a man himselfe. A valiant man  
Ought not to vndergoe, or tempt a danger,  
But worthily, and by selected wayes:  
He vndertakes with reason, not by chance.

His

## The New Inne.

His valour is the salt to his other vertues,  
They are all vnseason'd without it. The waiting maids,  
Or the concomitants of it, are his patience,  
His magnanimity, his confidence,  
His constancy, security, and quiet;  
He can assure himselfe against all rumour!  
Despaires of nothing! laughs at contumelies;  
As knowing himselfe, aduanced in a height  
Where iniury cannot reach him, nor aspersion  
Touch him with soyle! *Lad.* Most manly vtterd all!  
As if *Achilles* had the chaire in valour,  
*And Hercules* were but a Lecturer!  
Who would not hang vpon those lips for euer!  
That strike such musique? I could run on them,  
But modesty is such a schoole mistresse,  
To keepe our sexe in awe. *Prn.* Or you can faine! my  
Subtil and dissembling Lady mistresse.

*Lad.* I feare she meanes it, *Prn.* in too good earnest!  
*Lov.* The purpose of an iniury 'tis to vexe  
And trouble me: now, nothing can doe that,  
To him that's valiant. He that is affected  
With the least iniury, is leſſe then it.  
It is but reasonable, to conclude  
That should be stronger, still, which hurts, then that  
Which is hurt. Now no wickednesse is stronger,  
Then what opposeth it: Not Fortunes selfe,  
When she encounters vertue, but comes off  
Both lame, and leſſe! why should a wise man then,  
Confesse himselfe the weaker, by the feeling  
Of a fooles wrong? There may an iniury

## The Newe Inne.

Be meant me, I may choose, if I will take it,  
But we are, now, come to that delicacie,  
And tendernesse of sense, we thinke an insolence  
Worse then an iniury; beare words worse then deeds;  
We are not so much troubled with the wrong,  
As with the opinion of the wrong! like children,  
We are made afraid with visors! Such poore sounds  
As is the lie, or common words of spight.  
Wise lawes thought never worthy a revenge,  
And 'tis the narrownesse of humane nature,  
Our pouerty, and beggery of spirit,  
To take exception at these things. He laugh'd at me!  
He broke a ict! a third tooke place of me!  
How most ridiculous quarrels are all these!  
Notes of a queasie, and sick stomack, labouring  
With want of a true iniury! the maine part  
Of the wrong, is, our vice of taking it.

Lor. Or our interpreting it to be such.

Lov. You take it rightly. If a woman, or child  
Give me the lie, would I be angry? no,  
Not if I were i'my wits, sure I should thinke it  
No spice of a disgrace. No more is theirs,  
If I will think it, who are to be held  
In as contemptible a ranke, or worse,  
I am kept out a Masque, sometime thrust out,  
Made wait a day, two, three, for a great word,  
Which (when it comes forth) is all frown, and forehead!  
What laughter should this breed, rather then anger!  
Out of the tumult, of so many errors,  
To feele, with contemplation, mine owne quiet.

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If

## The New Inne.

If a great person doe me an affront,  
A Giant of the time, sure, I will bearc it  
Or out of patience, or necessity?  
Shall I doe more for feare, then for my iudgement?  
For me now to be angry with *Hodge Huffle*,  
Or *Burft* (his broken charge) if he be sawcy,  
Or our owne type of *Spaniſh* valour, *Tipto*,  
(Who were he now necessitated to beg  
Would aske an almes, like (*Onde Olinares*)  
Were iust to make my ſelfe, ſuch a vaine *Animal*  
As one of them. If light wrongs touch me not,  
No more ſhall great; if not a few, not many.  
There's nought ſo ſacred with vs but may finde  
A ſacrilegious person, yet the thing is  
No leſſe diuine, cauſe, the prophane can reach it.  
He is ſhot free, in battayle, is not hurt,  
Not he that is not hit. So he is valiant,  
That yeelds not vnto wrongs; nor he that ſcapes 'hem:  
They that do pull downe Churches, and deface  
The holieſt Altars, cannot hurt the God-head.  
A calme wiſe man may ſhew as much true valour,  
Amidſt theſe popular prouocations,  
As can an able Captaine ſhew ſecurity,  
By his braue conduct, through an enemis country.  
A wiſe man neuer goes the peoples way,  
But as the Planets ſtill moue contrary  
To the world's motion; ſo doth he, to opinion:  
He will examine, if thoſe accidents  
(Which common fame calls iniuries) happen to him  
Deseruedly, or no? come they deseruedly,  
They

## The New Inne.

They are no wrongs then, but his punishments:  
If vndeseruedly, and he not guilty,  
The doer of them, first, should blush, not he.

Lad. Excellent! Bea. Truth, and right! Fra. An Oracle  
Could not haue spoken more! Lad. Beene more beleu'd!

Pru. The whole Court runnes into your sentence, Sir?  
And see, your second houre is almost ended.

Lad. It cannot be! O clip the wings of time,  
Good Pru, or make him stand still with a charme.  
Distill the gout into it, cramps, all diseases  
Tarreft him in the foot, and fix him here;  
O, for an engine, to keepe backe all clocks!  
Or make the Sunne forget his motion!

If I but knew what drinke the Time now lou'd,  
To set my Trundle at him, mine owne Barnabell.

Pru. Why? I'll consult our Sbelee nion, To-morrow.

Nay. Er grace Cbreest, Bea. Wake her not. Nay. Tower een  
(Cuppan

D'vsque bagh doone. Pru. Usque bagh's her drinke.  
But 'twi' not make the time drunke. Host. As't hath her,  
Away with her, my Lord, but marry her first. Pru,

Pru. I, that'll be sport anone too, for my Lady.  
But she hath other game to fly at yet: (First.  
The houre is come, your kisse. Lad. My seruants song,

Pru. I say the kisse, first; and I so enioyn'd it:  
At your owne perill, doe, make the contempt.

Lad. Well Sir, you must be pay'd, and legally.

Pru. Nay nothing, Sir, beyond. Lov. One more—I except.  
This was but halfe a kisse, and I would change it.

Pnr. The Court's dissolu'd, remou'd, and the play ended.

No

## *The New Inne.*

No sound, or aire of *Lone* more, I decree it.

*Lov.* From what a happinesse hath that one word  
Thrown me, into the gulf of misery ?  
To what a bottomlesse despaire ? how like  
A Court remouing, or an ended Play  
Shewes, my abrupt precipitate estate,  
By how much more my vaine hopes were encreas'd  
By these false houres of conuersation ?  
Did not *I* prophetic this, of my selfe,  
And gaue the true prognosticks to my braine !  
How art thou turned ! and my blood congeald !  
My sinewes slackned ! and my marrow melted !  
That I remember not where I haue bin,  
Or what *I* am ? Only my tongue's on fire ;  
And burning downward, hurles forth coales, & cinders,  
To tell, this temple of loue, will soone be ashes !  
Come Indignation, now, and be my mistresse,  
No more of *Lones* ingratefull tyranny.  
His wheelle of torture, and his pits of bird-lime,  
His nets of nooses, whirl-pooles of vexation,  
His mils, to grind his seruants into powder —  
*I* will goe catch the wind first in a sieue,  
Weigh smoak, and measure shadowes, plough the wals,  
And sow my hopes there, ere *I* stay in *Lone*.

*Lar.* My iealousie is off, I am now secure,

*Lov.* Farewell the craft of crocodiles, women's picy,  
And practise of it, in this art of flattering,  
And fooling men. *I* ha' not lost my reason,  
Though *I* haue lent my selfe out, for two howres,  
Thus to be baffled by a Chambermaid,

And

## The New Inn.

And the good Actor, her Lady, afore mine Host,  
Of the light Heart, here, that hath laught at all—  
Host. Who I? Lov. Laugh on, Sir, Ile to bed, and sleepe,  
And dreme away the vapour of Love, if th'house  
And your leere drunkards let me. Lad. Prn. Sweet

(Madame,

Lad. Why would you let him goe thus? Prn. In whose  
Was it to stay him, prop'rer then my Ladies! (power

Lad. Why, in her Ladies! Are not you the Soucraigne?

Prn. Would you, in conscience, Madame, ha'me vex'd  
His patience more? Lad. Not but apply the cure,  
Now it is yex't. Prn. That's but one bodies worke.  
Two cannot doe the same thing handsomely.

Lad. But had not you the authority, absolute?

Prn. And were not you i'rebellion, Lady Frampal,  
From the beginning? Lad. I was somewhat foward,  
I must confess, but fowardnesse sometime  
Becomes a beauty, being but a visor  
Put on. You'll let a Lady weare her masque, Prn.

Prn. But how do I know, when her Ladiship is pleas'd  
To leave it off, except she tell me so?

Lad. You might ha' knowne that by my lookes, and  
Had you beeene or regardant, or obseruant. (language,  
One woman, reads another's character,  
Without the tedious trouble of deciphering:  
If she but give her mind to't, you knew well,  
It could not sort with any reputation  
Of mine, to come in first, having stood out  
So long, without conditions, for mine honor.

Prn. I thought you did expect none, you so jeer'd him,

And

## The New Inne.

1 And put him off with scorne—  
Lad. Who, I, with scorne  
I did expresse my loue, to idolatry rather,  
And so am iustly plagur'd, not vnderstood.

Pru. I sweare, I thought you had dissembled, Madam,  
And doubt, you do so yet. Lad. Dull, stupid, wench!  
Stay i'thy state of ignorance still, be damn'd,  
An idiot Chambermayd! Hath all my care,  
My breeding thee in fashion, thy rich clothes,  
Honours, and titles wrought no brighter effects  
On thy darke soule, then thus? Well! go thy way,  
Were not the Tailors wife, to be demolish'd,  
Ruin'd, vncas'd, thou shouldest be she, I vow.

Pru. Why, take your spangled properties, your gown,  
And scarves. Lad. Pru, Pru, what doest thou mean?

Pru. I will not buy this play-boyes brauery,  
At such a price, to be vpbraided for it,  
Thus, euery minute. Lad. Take it not to heart so.

Pru. The Taylors wife? There was a word of scorne  
Lad. It was a word fell from me, Pru, by chance.

Pru. Good Madame, please to vndeceave your self,  
I know when words do slip, and when they are damn'd  
With all their bitterness: vncas'd? demolish'd?  
An idiot-Chambermaid, stupid, and dull?  
Be damn'd for ignorance? I will be so.

And thinke I doe deserue it, that, and more, (ing!  
Much more I do. Lad. Here comes mine Host! No cry.  
Good Pru. Where is my servant Lovel, Host? (low him!

Hos. Yo ha sent him vp to bed, would, you would say  
And make my house amends! Lad. Would you advise it?

Hos. I would I could command it. My light heart

Should

## The New Inne.

Should leape till midnight. *Lad.* Pray thee be not sorren,  
I yet must ha' thy counsell. Thou shalt weare, *Prn.*,  
The new gowne, yet. *Prn.* After the Taylours wife?  
*Lad.* Come, be not angry, or grieu'd: I haue a project.  
*Hof.* Wake Sheleeman Thomas! Is this your Heraldrie?  
And keeping of records, to loose the mair? W  
Where is your charge? *Nur.* Gra' chreest! *Hof.* Goe aske,  
O'the bottle, at your girdle, ther's you lost it: (th' Oracle)  
You are a sober senter of the watch.

### Act. 5. Scene 1.

*Hof. Fly.*

Come Fly, and legacie, the Bird o'the heart:  
Prime insect of the Inne, Prosector, Quarter-master,  
As euer thou deserued'st thy daily drinke,  
Padling in sacke, and licking i'the same,  
Now shew thy selfe an implement of price,  
And helpe to raise a nap to vs, out of nothibg.  
Thou saw'st hem married? *Fly.* I doe thinke, I did,  
And heard the words, Philip, I take thee, *Letice*.  
I gaue her too, was then the father *Fly*,  
And heard the Priest do his part, far as huse nobles  
Would lead him i'the lines of matrimonie.

*Hof.* Where were they married? *Fly.* I th' new stable,  
(*Hof.* Ominous!

I ha' knowne many a church beeне made a stable,  
But not a stable made a church till now:

## The New Inne.

I wish hem ioy. *Fly*, was he a full priest?

*Fly*. He belly'd for it, had his velvet sleeves,  
And his branch'd callock, a side sweeping gowne,  
All his formalities, a good cramm'd divine!  
I went not farre to fetch him, the next Inne,  
Where he was lodg'd, for the action. *Hos*. Had they a

(licence?)

*Fly*. Licence of loue, I saw no other, and purse,  
To pay the duties both of Church, and house,  
The angels flew abcut. *Hos*. Those birds send luck:  
And mirth will follow. I had thought to ha' sacrific'd,  
To merriment to night, i'my light Heart, *Fly*,  
And like a noble Poet, to haue had  
My last act best: but all failes i' the plot.

*Lovel* is gone to bed; the Lady *Frampull*  
And Soueraigne *Pru* falne out: *Tipto*, and his Regiment  
Of mine-men, al drunk dumbe, from his whop *Barnaby*,  
To his hoope *Trunale*: they are his two Tropicks,  
No project to reare laughter on, but this,  
The marriage of Lord *Beaufort*, with *Letitia*.

Stay! what's here! The sattin gowne redcem'd?  
And *Pru* restor'd in't, to her Ladys grace!

*Fly*. She is let forth in't! rig'd for some imployment!

*Hos*. An Embassy at least! *Fly*, Some treaty of state!

*Hos*. 'Tis a fine tack about! and worth the obseruynge.

A&

*The New Inne.*

**Act 5. Scene 2.**

*Lady. Prudence. Host. Fly.*

Sweet *Pru*, I; now thou art a *Queene* indeed!  
These robes doe royally! and thou becom'st hem!  
So they doe thee! rich garments only fit  
The partyes they are made for! they shame others.  
How did they shew on good'y *Taylors* back!

Like a Caparison for a *Sow*, God saue vs!  
Thy putting hem on hath purg'd, and hallow'd hem  
From all pollution, meant by the *Mechanicks*.

*Pru.* Hang him poore snip, a secular shop-wit! (sures,  
H' hath bought but his sheeres to claime by, & his mea.  
His prentise may as well put in, for his needle,  
And plead a stitch. *Lad.* They haue no taint in 'hem,  
Now o'the Taylor. *Pru.* Yes, of his wiues hanches,  
Thus thick of fat; I smell 'hem, o'the say.

*Lad.* It is restorative, *Pru!* with thy butt chafing it,  
A barren Hindes greasc may worke miracles.  
Finde but his chamber doore, and he will rise  
To thee! or if thou pleasest, taine to be  
The wretched party her felic, and com'st vnto him  
*In forma pauperis*, to craue the aide  
Of his Knight errant valour, to the rescue  
Of thy distressed robes! name but thy gowne,  
And he will rise to that! *Pru.* He fire the charme first,

## The New Inne.

I had rather dye in a ditch, with Mistresse Shore,  
Without a smock, as the pitifull matter has it,  
Then owe my wit to cloathcs, or ha' it behoden.

*Hest.* Still spirit of *Pru!* Fly. And smelling o'the *Souf.*

*Pru.* No, I will tell him, as it is, indeed; (raigns)  
I come from the fine, foward, frampull Lady,  
One was runne mad with pride, wild with selfe-loue,  
But late encountring a wise man, who scornd her,  
And knew the way to his owne bed, without  
Borrowing her warming-pan, she hath recoverd  
Part of her wits: so much as to consider  
How farre she hath trespass'd, vpon whom, and how,  
And now sits penitent and solitary,  
Like the forsaken Turtle, in the volary  
Of the light Heart, the cage, she hath abus'd,  
Mourning her folly, weeping at the height  
She measures with her cyc, from whence she is falne,  
Since she did branch it, on the top o'the wood.

*Lad.* I pr'y thee *Pru*, abuse me enough, that's vsle me  
As thou thinkest fit, any course way, to humble me,  
Or bring me home againe, or *Lowell* on:  
Thou doest not know my suffrings, what I feele,  
My fires, and feares, are met: I burne, and freeze,  
My liuer's one great coale, my heart shrunke vp  
With all the fiuers, and the masse of blood  
Within me, is a standing lake of fire,  
Curl'd with the cold wind of my gelid sighs,  
That driue a drift of sleet through all my body,  
And shoot a *February* through my veines.  
Ynzill I see him, I am drunke with thirst,

And

## *The New Inne.*

And surfeited with hunger of his presence.

*I know not whē I am, or no, or speake,  
Or whether thou doest heare me. Prn.* Spare expressions.

*I*le once more venture for your Ladiship,  
So you will vse your fortunes reverendly.

*Lad.* Religiously, deare *Prn*, Loue and his Mother,  
*I*le build them severall Churches, Shiues, and Altars,  
And ouer head, *I*le haue, in the glasse windowes,  
The story of this day be painted, round,  
For the poore Layety of loue to read,  
*I*le make my selfe their booke, nay their example,  
To bid them take occasion by the forelock,  
And play no after-games of Loue, hereafter.

*Host.* And here your Host, and's *Fly*, witnes your vowes.  
And like two lucky birds, bring the presage  
Of a loud iest: Lord Beaufort married is. *Lad.* Ha!

*Fly.* All to be married. *Prn.* To whom, not your sonne?

*Host:* The same *Prn*. If her Ladiship could take truce  
A little with her passion, and giue way  
To their mirth now running. *Lad.* Runn'st mirth, let's  
It shall be well receiu'd, and much made of it. (come,  
*Prn.* We must of this, It was our owne conception.

## *Act 5. Scene 3.*

*Latimer.* To them.

Roome for green rushes, raise the Fidlers, Chamberlain,  
Call vp the house in armes. *Hof.* This will rouze Lovel.

## The New Inne.

*Fly.* And bring him on too. *Lar.* Shelee-meth,  
Runns like a Heyfar, bitten with the Brieze,  
About the court, crying on *Fly*, and cursing.  
*Fly.* For what, my Lord? *Lar.* Yo'were best heare that  
It is no office, *Fly*, fits my relation. (from her,  
Here come the happy couple! Ioy, Lord *Beaufort*.  
*Fly.* And my yong Lady too. *Hof.* Much ioy, my Lord!

## Act 5. Scene 4.

*Beaufort. Franke. Sernant.* {To them.

I thanke you all, I thanke thee, Father *Fly*.  
Madam, my Cosken, you looke discompos'd,  
I haue beeene bold with a sallad, after supper,  
O' your owne lettice, here: *Lad.* You haue, my Lord.  
But lawes of hospitality, and faire rites, (house,  
Would haue made me acquainted. *Bea.* I' your owne  
I doe acknowledge: Else, I much had trespass'd.  
But in an Inne, and publique, where there is licence  
Of all community: a pardon o' course  
May be lude out. *Lar.* It will, my Lord, and carry it.  
I doe not see, how any storme, or tempest  
Can helpe it, now. *Pru.* The thing being done, and past,  
You beare it wisely, and like a Lady of iudgement.

*Bea.* She is that secretary *Pru.* *Pru.* Why secretary?  
My wise Lord? is your braine lately maried?

*Bea.* Your raigne is ended, *Pru*, no soueraigne now:  
Your date is out, and dignity expir'd.

*Pru.*

## The New Jnn.

Pru. I am annal'd, how can I treat with Lovel,  
Without a new commission? Lad. Thy gown's commis-  
Host. Haue patience, Pru, expect, bid the Lord ioy. (sion.  
Pru. And this braue Lady too. I wish them ioy.

Per. Ioy. Ior. Ioy. Ing. All ioy. Hes. I, the house full of ioy.  
Fly. Play the bels, Fidlers, crack your strings with ioy.

Pru. But Lady Letice, you shew'd a neglect  
Vn-to-be-pardon'd, to'ards my Lady, your kinswoman,  
Not to advise with her. Bea. Good politique Pru,  
Vrge not your state-aduice, your after-wit;  
'Tis neare vpbraiding. Get our bed ready, Chamberlain,  
And Host, a Bride-cup, you haue rare conceipes,  
And good ingredients, euer an old Host  
Vpo' the road, has his prouocatiue drinke.

Lad. He is either a good Baud, or a Phyfician:

Bea. Twas well he heard you not, his back was turn'd.  
A bed, the Geniall bed, a brace of boyes  
To night I play for. Pru. Giue vs points, my Lord.

Bea. Here take'hem, Pru, my cod-piece point, and all,  
I ha' claspes, my Letice armes, heretake'hem boyes.  
What is the chamber ready? Speake, why stare you!  
On one another? Ior. No Sir. Bea. And why not?

Ior. My master has forbid it. He yet doubts  
That you are married. Bea. Aske his vicar generall,  
His Fly, here. Fly. I must make that good, they are mar-  
Host. But I must make it bad, my hot yong Lord. (ried.  
Gi' him his doublet againe, the aier is peircing; (ed.  
You may take cold, my Lord. See whom you ha'marri-  
Your hosts sonne, and aboy. Fly. You are abus'd.

Lad. Much ioy, my Lord. Pru. If this be your Letitia,

# The New Inne.

Shee'l proue a counterfeite mirth, and a clip'd Lady.  
Ser. A boy, a boy; my Lord has married a boy.  
Lat. Raile all the house in shout, and laughter, a boy!  
Host. Stay, what is here! peace rascals, stop your throats.

## Act 5. Scene 5.

Nurse. [To them.]

That magot, worme, that infect! O my child,  
My daughter! where's that Fly? He fly in his face,  
The vermin, let me come to him. Fly. Why Nurse Shewest

Nur. Hang thee thou Parasite, thou sonne of crums,  
And ortes, thou hast vndone me, and my child,  
My daughter, my deare daughter. Ho. What meanes this?

Nur. O Sir, my daughter, my deare child is ruin'd,  
By this your Fly, here, married in a stable,  
And sold vnto a husband. Host. Stint thy cry,  
Harlot, if that be all, didst thou not sell him  
To me for a boy? and brought'st him in boyes rags,  
Here to my doore, to beg an almes of me?

Nur. I did good Mr, and I craue your pardon.  
But 'tis my daughter, and a g'rele. Host. Why sayd'st thou  
It was a boy, and sold'st him then, to me  
With such entreaty, for ten shillings, Carlins?

Nur. Because you were a charitable man  
I heard, good Mr, and would brced him well,  
I would ha' giu'n him you, for nothing, gladly.

Forgive

## The New Inne.

Forgiue the lie o' my mouth, it wasto saue  
The fruit o' my wombe. A parents needs are vrgent.  
And few doe know that tyrant o're good natures.  
But you reliu'd her, and me too, the Mother,  
And tooke me into your house to be the nurse,  
For which heauen heape all blessings on your head,  
Whilst there can one be added. *Hest.* Sure thou speakest  
Quite like another creature, then th'haſt liu'd,  
Here, i'the house, a *Shelee-neen-Thomas*,  
An *Irish* beggar. *Nur.* So I am, God helpe me.

*Hest.* What art thou? tell, The match is a good match,  
For ought I see: ring the bels once a gaine.

*Bea.* Stint, I say, Fidlers, Lad. No going off my Lord.  
*Bea.* Nor comming on sweet Lady, things thus standing!

*Fly.* But what's the haynousnesse of my offence?  
Or the degrees of wrong you suffer'd by it?  
In hauing your daughter match't thus happily,  
Into a noble house, a braue yong blood,  
And a prime peere o'the Realme? *Bea.* Was that your  
(plot, *Fly?*)

Gi' me a cloak, take her againe among you.  
Ile none of your light-Heart fosterlings, no Inmates,  
*Suppositionis* fruits of an Host's braine,  
And his *Fly's* hatching, to be put vpon me.  
There is a roysall Court o'the *Scar-chamber*.  
Will scatter all these mists, disperse these vapours,  
And cleare the truth. Let beggers match with beggers.  
That shall decide it, I will try it there.

*Nur.* Nay then my Lord, Its not enough, I see  
You are licentious, but you will be wicked,

You

## The New Inne.

Yo' are not alone content to take my daughter,  
Againstst the law ; but hauing taken her,  
You would repudiate, and cast her off,  
Now, at your pleasure, like a beast of power,  
Without all cause, or colour of a cause,  
That, or a noble, or an honest man,  
Should dare t'except against, her pouerty.  
Is pouerty a vice ? *Bea.* Th'age counts it so.  
*Nur.* God helpe your Lordship, and your peeres that  
If any be: if not, God blesse them all, (think so,  
And helpe the number o'the vertuous,  
If pouerty be a crime. You may obiect  
Our beggery to vs, as an accident,  
But never deeper, no inherent basenesse.  
And I must tell you, now, yong Lord of durt,  
As an incensed mother, she hath more,  
And better blood, running i'those small veines,  
Then all the race of *Beaufores* haue in masse,  
Though they distill their drops from the left rib  
Of *John o' Gaunt.* *Host.* Old mother o' records,  
Thou know'st her pedigree, then: whose daughter is she?  
*Nur.* The daughter and coheire to the Lord *Frampull,*  
This Ladies sister ! *Lad.* Mine? what is her name ?  
*Nur.* *Letitia.* *Lad.* That was lost? *Nur.* The true *Letitia.*  
*Lad.* Sister, O gladnesse ! Then you are our mother?  
*Nur.* I am, deare daughter. *Lad.* On my knees, I blesse  
The light I see you by, *Nur.* And to the author  
Of that blest light, I ope my other eye,  
Which hath almost, now, seuen yeare beeene shut,  
Darke, as my vow was, neuer to see light,

Till

## The New Inne.

Till such a light restor'd it, as my children,  
Or your deare father, who (I heare) is not. (her.  
*Bes.* Giue me my wife, I owne her now, and will haue  
*Hof.* But you must aske my leauue first, my yong Lord,  
Leauue is but light. *Ferret,* Goe bolt your Master,  
Here's geare will startle him. I cannot keepe  
The passion in me, I am eene turn'd child,  
And I must weepe. *Fly,* take away mine host,  
My beard, and cap here, from me, and fetch my Lord.  
I am her father, Sir, and you shall now  
Aske my consent, before you haue her. *Wife!*  
My deare and louing wife! my honor'd wife!  
Who here hath gain'd but I? I am Lord *Frampull,*  
The cause of all this trouble? I am he  
Haue measur'd all the Shires of *England* ouer:  
*Wales,* and her mountaines, scene those wilder nations,  
Of people in the *Peake,* and *Lancashire*;  
Their Pipers, Fidlers, Rushers, Puppet-masters,  
Iuglers, and Gipseys, all the sorts of Canters,  
And Colonies of beggars, Tumblers, Ape-carriers,  
For to these savages I was addicted,  
To search their natures, and make odde discoueries!  
And here my wife, like a she *Mandemile,*  
Ventred in disquisition, after me.

*Nur.* I may looke vp, admire, I cannot speake  
Yet, to my Lord. *Hof.* Take heart, and breath, recouer,  
Thou hast recouer'd me, who here had coffind  
My selfe aliue, in a poore hostelry,  
In penance of my wrongs done vnto thee  
Whom I long since gaue lost. *Nur.* So did I you,

Till

## The New Inne.

Till stealing mine owne daughter from her sister,  
I lighted on this errour hath cur'd all.

*Bes.* And in that cure, include my trespassse, Mother,  
And Father, for my wife—*Hof.* No, the Star-chamber.

*Bes.* Away with that, you sowe the sweetest leucose  
Was euer tasted. *Hof.* Gi' you joy, my Sonne,  
Cast her not off againe. O call me Father,  
*Lov.*, and this your Mother, if you like:  
But take your Mistris, first, my child; I haue power  
To giue her now, with her consent, her sister  
Is giuen already to your brother *Beaufort*.

*Lov.* Is this a dreame now, after my first sleepe?  
Or are these phant'sies made i'the light Hearc?  
And sold i'the new Inne? *Hof.* Best goe to bed,  
And dreame it ouer all. Let's all goe sleepe,  
Each with his Turtle. *Fly,* prouide vs lodgings,  
Get beds prepar'd: yo' are master now o'the Inne,  
The Lord o'the light Heart, I giue it you.  
*Fly,* was my fellow *Gipsey*. All my family,  
Indeed, were *Gipseys*, Tapsters, Ostlers, Chamberlaines,  
Reduced vessels of ciuility.  
But here stands *Pru*, neglected, best deserving  
Of all that are i'the house, or i'my Heart,  
Whom though I cannot helpe to a fit husband,  
He helpe to that will bring one, a iust portion:  
I haue two thousand pound in banke, for *Pru*,  
Call for it when she will. *Bes.* And I as much.

*Hof.* There's somewhat yet, four thousand pound!  
Then sounds the prouerbs, *fourre bare legs in a bed* (that's better)

*Lov.*

## The New Inne.

Lev. Me, and her mistresse, she hath power to coyne  
Vp, into what she will. Lad. Indefinite Prn.

Lat. But I must doe the crowning act of bounty!

Hofst. What's that, my Lord? Lat. Giue her my selfe,  
By all the holy vowes of *loue* I doe, (which here  
Spare all your promis'd portions, she is a dowry  
So all-sufficient in her vertue and manners,

That fortune cannot adde to her. Prn. My Lord,

Your praises, are instructions to mine cares,  
Whence, you haue made your wife, to liue your seruant.

Hofst. Lights, get vs seuerall lights. Lev. Stay let my Mrs  
But heare my vision sung, my dreame of beauty,  
Which I haue brought, prepar'd, to bid vs ioy,  
And light vs all to bed, 'twill be instead  
Of ayring of the sheets with a sweet odour.

Hofst. 'Twill be an incense to our sacrifice  
Of *loue* to night, where I will woo afresh,  
And like *Mecenas*, hauing but one wife,  
Ile marry her, cuery hour of life, hereafter.

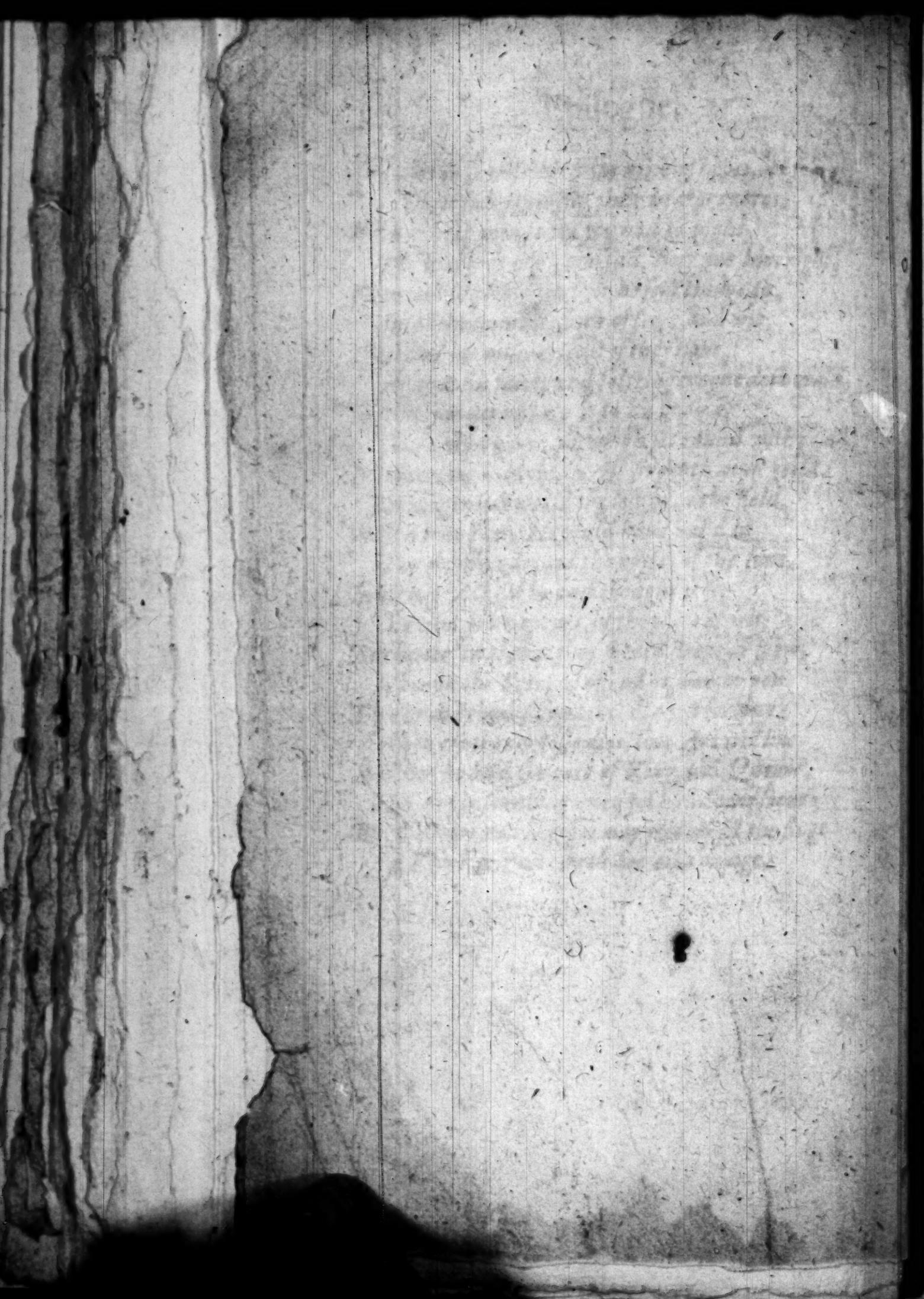
Tboy goe out, with a Song.

Epilogue.

## Epilogue.

PLAYES in themselves haue neither hopes, nor feares,  
Their fate is only in their hearer's eares:  
If you expect more then you had to night,  
The maker is sick, and sad. But doe him right,  
He meant to please you: for he sent things fit,  
In all the numbers, both of sense, and wit,  
If they ha' not miscarried! if they haue,  
All that his faint, and faltring tongue doth craue,  
Is, that you not impaire it to his braine.  
That's yet unhurt, although set round with paine,  
It cannot long hold out. All strength must yeeld.  
Yet judgement would the last be, i'the field,  
With a true Poet. He could haue hal'd in  
The drunkards, and the noyses of the Inne,  
In his last Act; if he had thought it fit  
To vent your vapours, in the place of wit:  
But better 'twas, that they should sleepe, or spew,  
Then in the Scene so offend or him, or you.  
This he did thinke; and this doe you forgive:  
When ere the carcasse dies, this Art will live.  
And had he liv'd the care of King, and Queenes,  
His Art in somthing more yet had beeне seene;  
But Maiors, and Shrifffes may yearly fill the stage:  
A Kings, or Poets birth doe aske an age.

88



Another Epilogue there was, made for  
the Play in the Poets defence, but the  
Play liv'd not, in opinion, to  
haue it spoken.

A Iouiall Host, and Lord of the new Inne,  
Clept the light Heart, with all that past thererin,  
Hath beene the subiect of our Play to night,  
To give the King, and Queene, and Court delight.  
But, when we meant, the Court above the stayres,  
And past the guard; men that haue more of cares,  
Then eyes to judge vs: Such as will not bisse  
Because the Chambermaid was named Cis:  
We thinke, it would haue seru'd our Scene as true,  
If, as it is, at first we had call'd her Pru,  
For any mystery we there haue found,  
Or magick in the lesters, or the soundes:  
She only meant was, for a girle of wit,  
To whom her Lady did a Province fit  
Which she would haue discharg'd, and done as well,  
Had she beene christned Joyce, Grace, Doll, or Nell.

No

The iust indignation the Author  
ooke at the vulgar censure of his  
Play, by some malicious spectators,  
begat this following Ode to  
himselfe.

Come leaue the loathed stage,  
And the more loathsome age :  
Where pride, and impudence (in faction knit)  
Vsurpe the chaire of wit !  
Indicting, and arraigning euery day  
Something they call a Play.  
Let their fastidious, vaine  
Commission of the braine  
Run on, and rage, sweat, censure, and condem'n :  
They were not made for thee, lesse, thou for them.  
  
Say, that thou pour'st them wheate  
And they will acornes eat :  
'Twere simple fury, still, thy selfe so waste  
On such as haue no taste !  
To offer them a surfe of pure bread,  
Whose appetites are dead !  
No, giue them graines their fill,  
Huskes, draffe to drinke, and swill.  
If they loue ices, and leaue the lusty wine,  
Enuy them not their palate's, with the swine.

No doubt some mouldy tale,  
Like Pericles; and stale  
As the Shrieues crusts, and nasty as his fish-  
scraps, out every dish,  
Throwne forth, and rak't into the common tub,  
May keep vp the Play-club.  
There, sweepings doe as well  
As the best order'd meat.  
For, who the relish of these gheats will sic,  
Needs set them, but the almes-basket of wit.  
And much good do't you then:  
Braue plush, and velvet-men;  
Can feed on orts: And safe in your stage-clothes,  
Dare quit vp'pon your oashes,  
The stagers, and the stage-wights too (your peers)  
Offering your large ears  
With their faule comick socks;  
Wrought vpon twenty blocks;  
Which, if they are torne, and turn'd, & patcht enough,  
The gamesters share your guilt, and you their stuppe.

Leave

John ad T.

VERSEA

Leave things so prostitute,  
And take the Alcack Lute ;  
Or thine ownc Horace, or Andreous Lyre ;  
Warme thee, by Pandares fire !  
And though thy nerues beshrunke, and blood be cold,  
Ere yeares haue made thee old ;  
Strike that disdainc-full heate  
Throughout, to their defeate :  
As curious fooles, and envious of thy straine,  
May, blushing, sweare no palsey's in thy braine.  
  
But, when they heare thee sing  
The glories of thy King,  
His zeale to God, and his iust awe o're men;  
They may, blood shaken, then,  
Feele such a flesh-quake to possesse their powers :  
As they shall cry, like ours  
In sound of peace, or warres,  
No Harpe ere hit the starnes ;  
In tuning forth the acts of his sweet raigne :  
And rayling Charles his chariot, 'bove his waine.

### The end.

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